

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

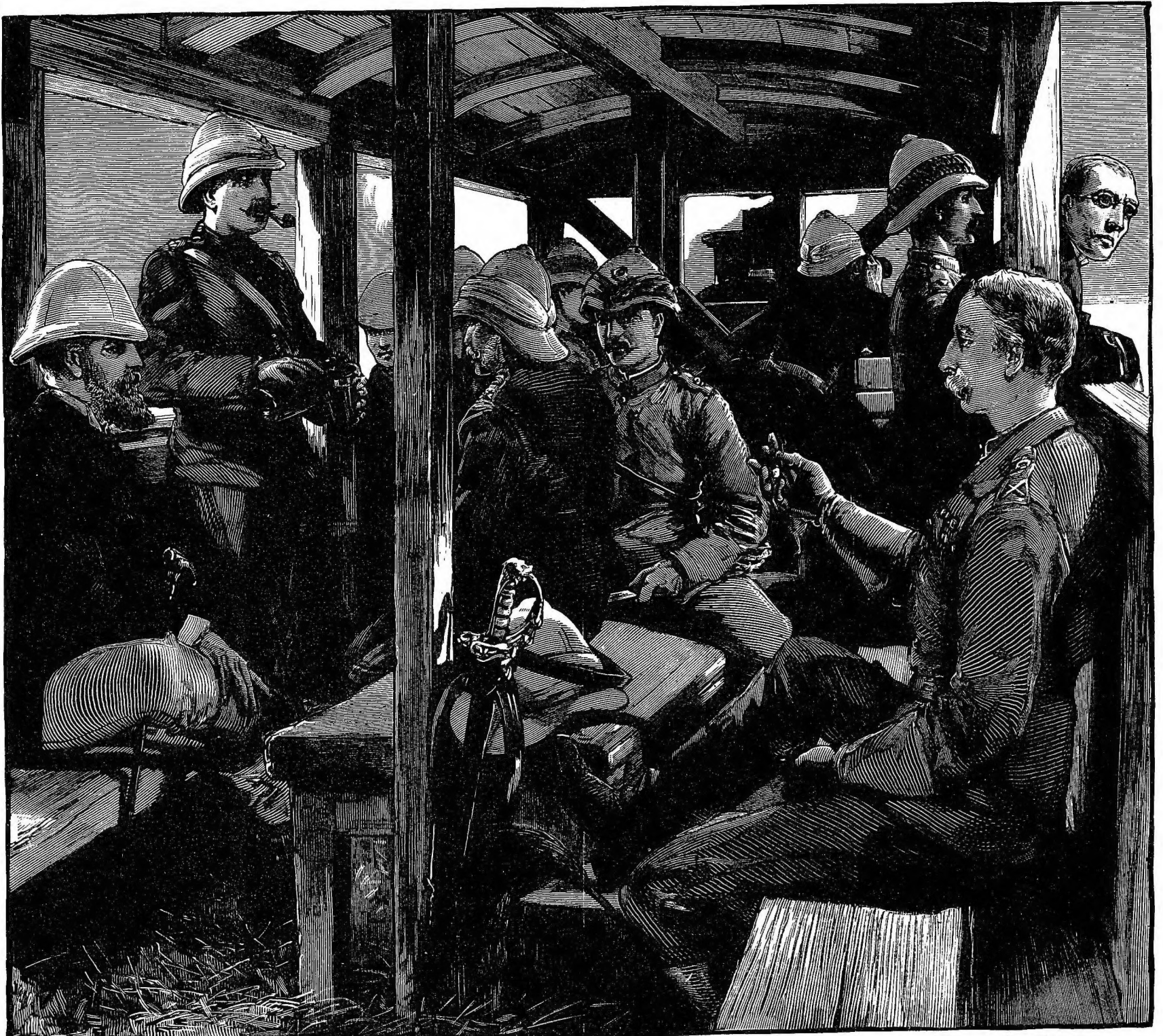
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BRITISH TROOPS CUTTING A DAM CONSTRUCTED BY ARABI AT MAHUTA ON THE SWEET WATER CANAL
From a Sketch by a Military Officer



THE CHIEFS OF THE UNITED SERVICE—GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, ADMIRAL SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR, AND THEIR STAFFS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers

THE WAR IN EGYPT

Topics of the Week

ENGLISH DIFFICULTIES IN EGYPT.—A great deal is being said about our difficulties in Egypt, and no doubt they are formidable enough, even now when the last trace of rebellion in a military sense has vanished. But probably the task of the English Government will be easier than many critics, both at home and abroad, are willing to concede. If England thought of annexing Egypt, or even of establishing a Protectorate over it, she might expect to receive serious opposition from more than one of the Great Powers, and perhaps from all the Great Powers combined; but everybody knows that she has no such intentions. Her aim is simply to give the Egyptian people the advantage of a sound system of government—a system of government which would not only afford adequate guarantees for the maintenance of order, but would prepare the way for the full development of the resources of the country. Now, why should any of the Great Powers wish to interfere with the fulfilment of such an object as that? They would not lose by it; it would benefit them in exactly the same sense as that in which it would benefit ourselves. Some French journalists, indeed, affect to believe that the Joint Control must be re-established; and, if the French people generally shared their views, the situation might soon become one of great peril; for it is hard to believe that England would ever consent to the reintroduction of an arrangement which would certainly lead, sooner or later, to fresh troubles. But there seems to be no enthusiasm in France for the Joint Control, and in every other country the proposal to return to it would be condemned. The only safe plan is to train the Egyptians to manage, as far as possible, their own affairs; and they can be so trained only under English guidance. In the chief centres of European opinion there is a growing disposition to admit this; and, if Mr. Gladstone is as vigorous and prudent as he has been hitherto in the treatment of the Egyptian question, he will probably meet no insurmountable obstacle to the triumph of his policy. For some manifestations of international jealousy we must be prepared; but international jealousy we have already had to confront, and while we have been frank and firm it has not been found to do us any particular harm.

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.—While our troops have been having a taste of real warfare in Egypt, our German friends have been indulging after their wont in a most elaborate make-believe little campaign amid the mountains and fields of Silesia. There is something comically melancholy in the fact that, in these days of American rivalry, the farmer actually welcomes an invading army, provided, of course, that it only means *Kriegspiel*, and not real war. He sees with equanimity the crushing down of his potatoes and his clover, knowing that the Government will pay him more liberally for the damage than the Jews would for the crop. The "war-play" is pursued by the German commanders with a zest and relish scarcely comprehensible by Englishmen, who reserve such enthusiasm for downright amusements like boating and cricket. And while the rival commanders are working out their elaborate theories, they think no more of the fatigue of the soldiers than if they were so many boxwood chessmen. The German soldier is, as a rule, a man of excellent *physique*. Yet on this occasion many of them fell literally prostrate from fatigue. It is true that the day before had been an equally hard fighting day, and that the intervening night had been spent bivouacking in the open. Nevertheless, it will be rightly inferred, from what we have said, that the German "war-play" is uncommonly hard work, and is as like real fighting as anything can be, barring the bullets and cannon balls. At the same time, it would be a mistake for our military authorities to copy the German system too rigidly. We stand, both geographically and politically, somewhat aloof from the other nations of Europe, and our army needs are not the same as theirs. For nearly seventy years (with the solitary exception of the Crimean struggle) our wars have been waged against distant and, as a rule, unequally-matched foes; and our chief difficulties have arisen, not from the superior arms, or strategy, or bravery of the enemy, but from trying climates, and troubles of transport and commissariat.

TRADES' UNION CONGRESS.—The Trades' Union Congress is chiefly remarkable this year as an institution where respectable men are airing their middle-class ambitions. In the absence of Mr. Harrison, who is singing pæans at Paris to the human race, and of Mr. Macdonald, who is in his grave, there have been no middle-class speeches. But the aims of the Congress were all in the same direction. In the first place it is held to be desirable to have a large number of posts to which friends of the institution may aspire. It has been vigorously urged, therefore, that 500 inspectors should be appointed, and that their salaries shall not be less than 150*l*. In the second place, it is looked upon as a necessity that the House of Commons shall be thrown open to, at least, twenty-five members. For their benefit it is suggested that each adherent of a Union shall subscribe a penny per week, which would yield a yearly sum of 25,000*l*. They have thus no idea of going into Parliament in an underpaid Irish fashion. In the third place, being in Parliament, they would know how to behave themselves when there. Nothing, for example, could well

exceed the gracious courtesy of demeanour foreshadowed by the behaviour of Mr. Broadhurst and approved by the Congress. Mr. Broadhurst, in his Parliamentary capacity, had stood second to Mr. Jesse Collings in a question of Land Law Reform. In the mean time, however, a person with a title was found willing to take up the work, and the Unionist, hat in hand, stepped aside. "Your secretary," ran the report, "gave way to Lord Lymington;" or, as he explained it at length, "Mr. Collings had put the matter to him in the most kindly manner possible whether it would not be better for a man to second a motion for division of land who was connected with large estates, than one who was never likely to own an inch of land." But is there any reason why the respectable Unionists should not own acres of land?

DR. PUSEY.—Opinions differ widely as to the value of Dr. Pusey's influence, but nobody doubts that his is one of the most important names in the recent history of the Church of England. So far as literary ability was concerned, he could not, of course, be compared with Dr. Newman; and it may be questioned whether any of his writings will be read by the next generation. He was a man of great knowledge, but had not the gift of presenting the results of his studies in a manner attractive to unlearned readers. Yet it was a true instinct which caused the leaders of the Oxford movement to look up to him as their chief, and which induced the public to associate "Anglo-Catholicism" with his name. Perhaps no other head of a party, either ecclesiastical or political, in the present century has possessed a more remarkable faculty for organisation, and he had an extraordinary power of commanding the confidence and maintaining the enthusiasm of his followers. Nobody could tell at what point Dr. Newman would stop; his mind seemed to be always open to fresh influences, and to be swayed alternately by the impulses of a poet and of a strictly logical thinker. But Hildebrand himself had not more resolute convictions than Dr. Pusey, who always spoke and wrote as if he had special access to the sources of absolute truth. And he never faltered in his belief that the future welfare of England depended entirely on her assent to his governing convictions. There was an element of fanaticism in a temper of this kind; but an element of fanaticism appears to be essential to men who undertake to guide agitations for great practical ends. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of his ideas, it must at any rate be admitted that they have profoundly modified both the doctrine and the practice of the Church of England. He was not himself what is called a Ritualist; but Ritualism is the logical and necessary result of his teaching. Churchmen who did not like "Puseyism," and who like "Ritualism" still less, must console themselves with the reflection that a Church which did not afford room for these developments would have no claim to be considered national. Certainly the comprehensiveness of the Church of England has in no way tended to diminish its popularity.

SHALL ARABI DIE?—There is no likelihood that this question will receive such an answer as was given in Cornwall two hundred years ago, when the life of Bishop Trelawney was threatened. Everybody knows the inspiring chorus: "And shall Trelawney die, And shall Trelawney die? Then thirty thousand Cornish boys Will know the reason why." It was but the other day that Arabi was represented as the idol of the Egyptian populace, yet if he should now be sentenced to death the fellaheen will certainly not assemble "in their thousands" to protest against his execution. This apathy must not be taken to prove that during his brief spell of power Arabi was a tyrant and oppressor, it merely indicates the unloveable tendency (especially prevalent in the East) to worship the rising sun and to kick those who are down. The fate of Arabi is nominally in the hands of the Khédive, but really in the hands of the British Government, who have notified that no capital sentence passed on the Egyptian leaders must be carried out without their consent. If, therefore, these men should be put to death, and the opinion of the civilised world in general is that they ought not to be put to death, it is we and not the Khédive who will be blamed. At such a moment as this it may be worth while to turn to the Khédive's proclamation, issued early in August, when Arabi's speedy collapse was by no means such a likely event as we now fancy it must have been. In this document the Khédive says, "By his disobedience and intrigues Arabi caused the first massacre of Alexandria, and by his refusal at the Sultan's bidding to discontinue the fortifications has occasioned their destruction. He has pillaged and set fire to the town." If the first and last clauses of this indictment can be proved, Arabi certainly ought to die, for he has been the ringleader of various wretches who have already suffered death for murder and looting. But, supposing that he can exonerate himself from the odious charge of directly inciting to massacre and pillage, either at Alexandria, or prospectively at Cairo, it would be wise and magnanimous to spare his life. Just now Arabi is down, and every voice is against him, but there can be little doubt that the view of him taken by such men as Sir William Gregory and Mr. Wilfred Blunt was substantially correct, and that he was the representative of various patriotic aspirations. Jealousy of European interference, Moslem enthusiasm, and, last but not least, Turkish and ex-Khédivial intrigues, all played their part in the drama. Unless, therefore, arson and murder can be distinctly proved against him, we would spare his life.

A NAVAL USE FOR THE MERCHANT SERVICE.—Not content with testing the strength of the Navy at Alexandria, the Government are about to try how merchant steamboats may be made available for the same service. It is already one of the results of the bombardment that foreign critics are pronouncing the English Fleet equal to the combined Navies of the world. In the event of the great carrying lines being found capable of transformation for hostile purposes they will be within the mark in saying so. The idea of the convertibility of the mercantile marine is not new; it has been the custom of ship-builders to prepare and register the more powerful class of steamers with the view to instant use in the case of emergency. It is a curious fact that the immense increase in the number and size of vessels has not been accompanied by a general knowledge that excellent professional careers are available, which Englishmen do not use as they might. The Mercantile Marine, in its scale of salaries, offers a field of duty which, on an average, is as well remunerated as any of the professions. Great responsibility is put in the hands of officers and captains, and they are often the guardians of priceless cargoes. The surprising thing is that the profession of ship-master does not become more an object of ambition than it is; and, considering the number of aged midshipmen for whom there is no opportunity in the Navy, the step from one service to the other ought to be easy and profitable.

ITALIAN DISCONTENT.—It used to be thought by the friends of Italy that the triumph of the national cause would exercise a splendid influence on the tendencies of European politics. It can hardly be said that this expectation has been fulfilled. Of all Western nations Italy seems to be the least easily satisfied; and she misses no opportunity of letting the world know how hard it is to please her. At the time of the Berlin Congress it did not appear to the rest of mankind that she had any special occasion for complaint; but she herself thought otherwise. Russia had profited by the war with Turkey; England was supposed to have gained something by diplomacy; and to the Italians it seemed clear that they also ought in some way to be benefited. So they began the agitation for "Italia Irredenta," and all Europe was disturbed by their menacing outcries. At a later period, when England and France tried the experiment of the Joint Control in Egypt, they were not hampered by Germany, Austria, and Russia; but again Italy fancied herself injured, and loudly proclaimed her wrongs. Lately she has been even more than usually disturbed. England has had the audacity to go to Egypt without asking for Italian consent, although she did ask for Italian co-operation; and now she proposes, after having crushed the rebellion, to take measures which shall prevent the recurrence of similar troubles. All this has been too much for the Italians, who insisted in the first place that we should certainly be defeated, and who insist now that we are outraging their acknowledged rights. In considering these outbursts of "temper," we ought not, of course, to forget that Italy is a young nation, hardly accustomed as yet to political methods, and liable, therefore, to be easily misled. It is about time, however, for her wise men to advise the cultivation of a little self-command. Italy may ultimately do harm to other nations by extravagant pretensions; but in the mean time she weakens herself by alienating many of those who are most anxious for her progress.

EARLY CLOSING ON THURSDAYS.—Some years ago we remember that there used to be sandwich-men bearing boards about the streets requesting ladies not to shop late on Saturdays. Those appeals no doubt had some effect on what we may call the upper section of the middle class, to whom principally belongs the privilege of the Saturday half-holidays. But although in a few leading thoroughfares, such as Regent Street, many of the shops are closed early on Saturday afternoons, Saturday is notoriously nearly everywhere else the hardest and longest day of the week for shopmen and shopwomen. It is only natural that it should be so. It is the last working day in the week before the blessed day of rest; it is the day when there is most money chinking in working men's pockets; and it is the day therefore most affected by housewives for making their purchases. It is absurd for advocates of early closing to ignore these patent facts, and therefore, except for the higher-class drapers and so forth, whose customers are chiefly among the rich, Saturday will remain for the mass of shopkeepers the chief harvest-day of the week. We do not know whose was the lucky brain wherein the idea was first coined, but the man or woman who conceived the happy thought of early closing on Thursdays deserves a statue, or at least a wreath *à la* Turnerelli. None of the Saturday objections apply to Thursday, and the idea has spread so fast and become so popular that already both in London and the provinces many thoroughfares present on the *Dies Jovis* quite a sabbatical appearance. Modern society is so complicated in its arrangements that it is impossible for us all to play at once, and the more distinctly this fact is realised the more easy it will be to give various businesses reasonable hours of recreation without inconveniencing their customers—the public. Meanwhile we wish all success to the Thursday *Clôture*.

TOUR OF THE LORD-LIEUTENANT.—Lord Spencer's reception in the West of Ireland can hardly be said to have been cordial. The circumstances under which it was carried out did not admit of its being popular. Wherever he went

he was accompanied by an armed band of policemen, which was sometimes increased, as at Cong, by a detachment of soldiers. It could not be anticipated that, with such signs of suspicion, he should be regarded by the Western Celts as a peaceable friend come out to encourage them. His tour was thus to a great extent a silent progress through a land of silence, where peasants shut their doors at his approach, and only municipal authorities in the larger towns dared to congratulate him on his travels. It would have been well had the Lord-Lieutenant been able to move about distributing leaves of olive and smoking pipes of peace. It would have been better still had he been able to exhibit Vice-Royalty to the popular eye as something which it would be good for an Irish peasantry to cheer. In the absence of the conditions for making his office either as agreeable or as entertaining as it might be wished to be, there is room for congratulation that he was seen as a successful embodiment of the Executive. In the mountain solitudes where the Joyce family were massacred the fact can be easily forgotten that an Executive exists. Nothing is seen of it except, at long intervals, a sub-inspector's car, or the reluctant figure of a road policeman. The idea of Justice will have been brought home to thousands of households by the journey of Lord Spencer; and that, in the present state of Ireland, is better than if it had evoked ovations of applause.

LABOUR IN THE UNITED STATES.—American politicians are naturally much interested by the formation of what is called a Labour Party in the United States. Hitherto American workmen as a class have hardly made themselves so prominent as European workmen. The former have been as a rule better off; and they have not, therefore, felt the same necessity for combination. Henceforth workmen are likely to be at least as active on the Western as on the Eastern side of the Atlantic. The recent State Convention of the Labour Party in Pennsylvania was a truly formidable assembly, and there are said to be 100,000 "Knights of Labour," a secret organisation with 805 local committees. No fewer than 20,000 working men, representing Trades Unions, marched lately through the streets of New York, with banners of the kind with which we are here so familiar. What may be the exact significance of the agitation it is impossible to say; Americans themselves are by no means agreed upon the subject. We may be tolerably sure, however, that a movement among the workmen of America does not mean less than it means among the workmen of Europe. It is becoming more and more clear that the Americans are not nearly so far ahead of us in social arrangements as they once thought they were. Notwithstanding their Republican system, and their vast territory, all the practical difficulties which perplex philosophers and statesmen in the Old World are emerging in the New. Already a sharp line is beginning to be drawn between the rich and the poor; capital tends to accumulate in the hands of a comparatively small class, while wages are not found to advance in proportion to the profits of employers. These are the conditions which have given rise to Socialist aspirations in Europe, and it was inevitable that they should have a similar result in America, where there are plenty of refugees with ready-made schemes for the regeneration of the Universe.

REFRACTORY CHILDREN.—Mr. Edwin Chadwick has written in *The Times* on this subject a sensible letter, which especially deserves to be read and pondered over by those numerous persons who imagine that corporal punishment and other severities are likely to effect a cure in such cases. The child in the instance referred to was only eight years old, yet the magistrate before whom his mother brought him could only recommend whipping as a possible cure. There is no doubt in these exceptional cases of precocious vice and rebelliousness some ingrained hereditary tendency; but at the same time it may be suspected that the parental management has been rarely, if ever, what it ought to be. If we could examine the career of such children from the outset, we should usually find that there has been undue petting and indulgence in the early days, when infantine naughtiness and wilfulness are apt to seem to parents who are not over-wise to be qualities which are almost engaging. But as the child becomes bigger and stronger, and as its misdeeds become more unpleasant, indulgence is alternated with severity, till at last a stage is reached when the parent ceases to be either loved or feared. Under such circumstances as these, the authority of any tolerably sensible stranger is preferable to that of the father or mother, because the child, who from experience has gauged pretty accurately the parental resources of repression, never feels sure but that the stranger may resort to some unknown, and therefore terrifying, means of quelling rebellion. But Mr. Chadwick's proposed remedies go, of course, far beyond this. They consist, not only of firm yet kind discipline, but of constant employment and occupation, so that the small culprit's thoughts are gradually diverted into new and wholesome channels. In fact, the perusal of Mr. Chadwick's letter deepens our conviction that for juvenile offenders (if not even for adults) mere punishment, unaccompanied by judicious industrial and moral discipline, is likely only to convert the youthful offender into a case-hardened criminal.

SHAVING AT BERLIN.—It is not easy to discover why the Berlin barbers have had an autumn meeting. They cannot be said to have arrived, after a survey of their professional services, at any important conclusions. They have

discouraged, it is true, the practice of shaving with the operator's hand upon the nose of the patient, and in the matter of conversation they have limited themselves for the future to observations which will have a bearing upon the "business in hand." So far as the public nose is concerned, it is satisfactory that the German barbers should cease to regard it as a handle designed for their use during the process of shaving. On the other hand, they might have remembered that if noses are not handles, barbers are not bellowses designed to blow down the necks of the public, as some of them still continue to think. That, however, is a much less important question, though it might have been considered, than the fixed delusion under which all barbers labour that they are surgeons and commercial travellers. The professional tone, combining as it does severity with solicitude, adopted at the spectacle of a sagacious baldness, is a prerogative of the colleges, which, since barbers have ceased to let blood, they are not entitled to assume. The extensive administration of free incisions along the jaws of the patient and the subsequent use of court-plaster is also an encroachment. Barbers, it must be added, are not commercial travellers, and it is taking a mean advantage of their position to insist upon the quality of their soaps, scents, pomades, and tooth-powders when they are standing, nose in hand, with a razor traversing the outside of the jugular. A little knowledge of the history of their art should teach them that, from Charles II. to Poll Sweedlepipes, persons who are being shaved like genial silence and gingerly treatment on the part of their barber.



LYCEUM.—ROMEO AND JULIET, THIS EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight. 149th Performance. Romeo, Mr. Irving; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling. Box Office, Mr. Hurst, Open Daily, 10 to 5.

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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued, as an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, a BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAIRO



THE WAR IN EGYPT

CUTTING A DAM ON THE SUEZ CANAL; AND THE CHIEFS OF THE UNITED SERVICES ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT

THE first of these sketches depicts a detachment of British troops demolishing one of the numerous dams which Arabi had erected on the Sweet-Water Canal, in order to cut off the water supply from the British lines. The work was very arduous, and many of the men were compelled to strip and jump into the water, in order more completely to shovel out the sand from the bottom of the Canal. The second sketch represents the chiefs of the United Services, military and naval, Sir Garnet Wolseley and Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, going to the front from Ismailia in a cattle truck. They were accompanied by the officers of their Staff, General Sir John Adye, the Duke of Teck, Admiral Hoskins, and other officers. Sir Garnet Wolseley is depicted on the right of the sketch, and Admiral Seymour on the left; General Adye is sitting in the centre of the truck, facing the Duke of Teck, who is leaning against the side.

TEA IN CAMP

HERE is a scene of true camp life. A fatigue party have come in to Tel-el-Mahuta, owing to a block on the railway, and tea is being made amongst the thousands of bales and boxes which line the rails at this point.

FIELD BAKERY AND ARMOUR-PLATED TRUCKS AT ISMAILIA

THE first sketch speaks for itself. The other depicts the armour-plated trucks which run between Ismailia and the front. The first carriage carries a Gatling gun and a 24-pounder, the name on each armour plate indicating the ship which supplied it. The second truck contains ammunition, &c., and is covered by one of Arabi's tents looted at Mahsaneh.

FIGHTING ARABI WITH HIS OWN WEAPONS

THE Krupp gun depicted was one of five taken at Mahsaneh by the Mounted Infantry, under Captain Pigott, on August 25th. It was mounted on a railway truck, and thus converted into a formidable weapon, by Captain Tucker, of the Royal Marine Artillery (son, we may mention, of the Rev. W. Guise Tucker, R.N.). On the evening of August 28th, when Arabi attacked General Graham in force at Kassassin, the gun was run up to the scene of action by men of the Royal Marine Artillery, and for an hour alone engaged eight of the enemy's guns, the batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery having exhausted their ammunition. The fire from the enemy was exceedingly hot, but, by shifting the truck backwards and forwards, no damage was done, nor were any of the men hit. The officer on the left of the engraving is Captain Tucker. In his official report of the action General Graham writes:—"This gun was admirably served, and did great execution among the enemy, as the other guns had to cease firing for want of ammunition. Captain Tucker's gun became the target for the enemy's artillery and I counted salvoes of four guns opening on him at once with shell and shrapnel, but although everything around or in line was hit not a man of the gun was touched, and this gun continued to fire to the end, expending ninety-eight rounds."

TRANSPORTING FORAGE—ENCAMPMENT OF MARINES—BURYING AMMUNITION

ONE of the great difficulties of the recent march upon Tel-el-Kebir was the necessity of transporting every blade of forage for the cavalry horses and the very limited means for doing so. The railway existed, it is true, but Arabi had run away with all the engines, and those which were subsequently procured were crazy old machines not equal to the work. Thus the trucks had in many cases to be drawn by horses—terrible work for the poor animals under an African sun.

The bivouac of Marines was sketched at Mahsaneh, where, amongst the numerous tents captured were some pavilions with most gorgeous linings. As not enough bell tents were available for the accommodation of all, the men rigged up a variety of shelters from the sun out of the materials at hand. The sketch shows a shanty erection with the lining of some pasha's tent, supplemented with straw matting. The sketch of burying ammunition was taken after the fight at Kassassin on August 28th. Half a battalion went out and buried the ammunition which the enemy on retreating had left behind, scattered all over the ground. "We also," writes the officer who sent the sketch, "shot a wounded horse and buried a Lifeguardsman who had been wounded, and subsequently murdered by the Egyptians."

PORT SAID—BUILDINGS PURCHASED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT

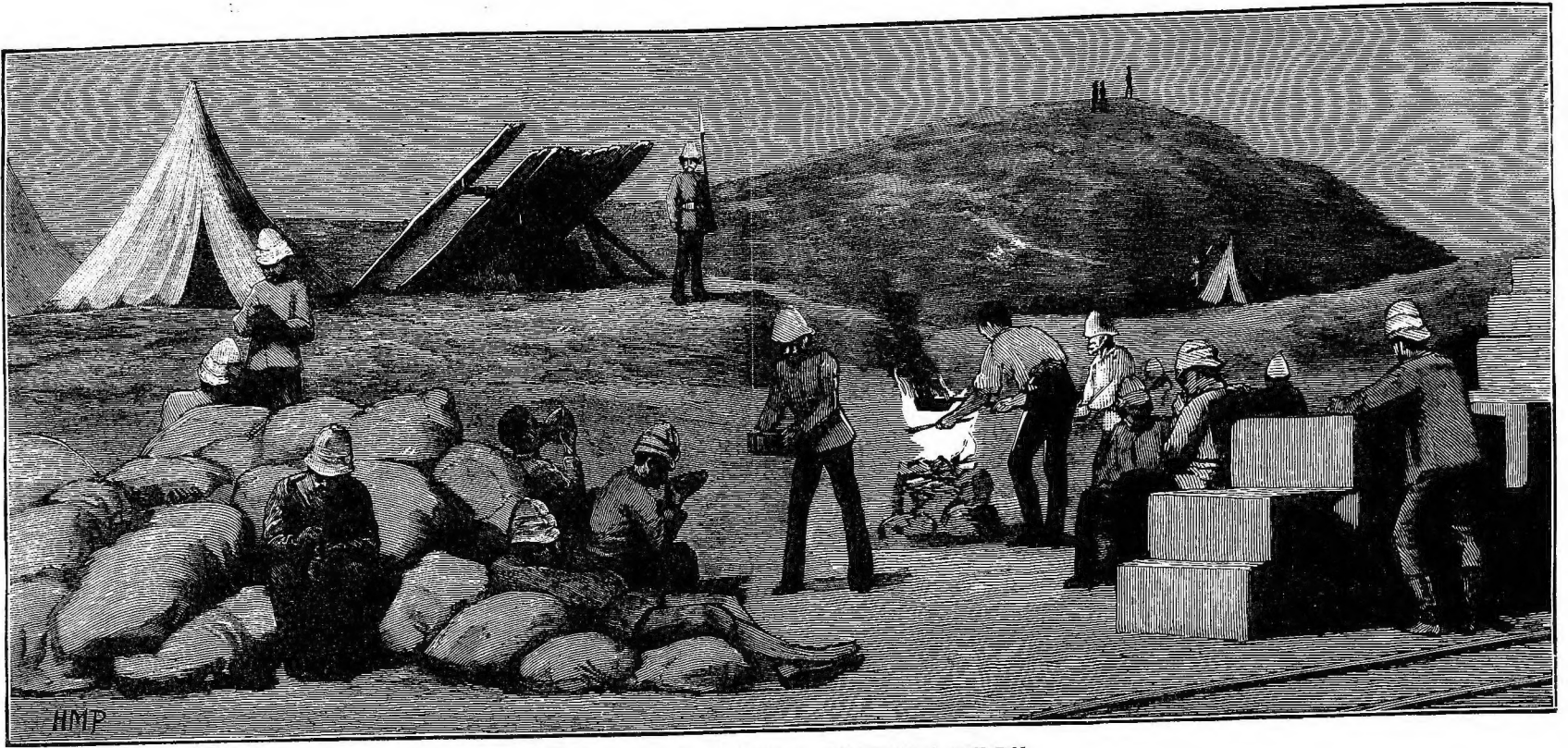
THESE buildings, until lately the Hotel de Pays Bas, have become the property of the British Government at a cost of 78,000/. They certainly appear to be well worth the money. "When one compares," writes the officer who made the sketch, "the luxury in which our bluejackets are housed here with the hard life they led in the earlier days after the bombardment, it is not a matter of wonder that our sick list is becoming smaller. Our fellows seem much impressed with the importance of their office as military police, and give themselves all the airs of the British Bobby. A more efficient police, however, it would be difficult to organise."

PARADING A TRANSPORT TRAIN FOR EGYPT, CYPRUS

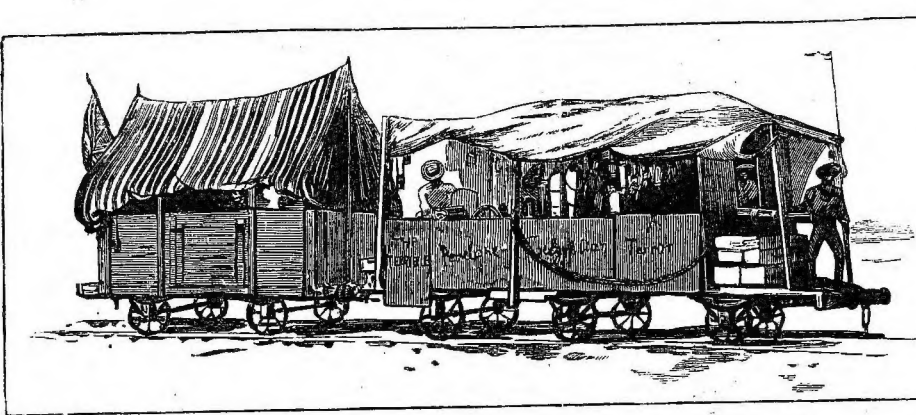
WHEN the Royal Sussex Regiment, which has been stationed in Cyprus for the past two years, was ordered to make the necessary preparations for active service, a transport train had to be provided and mules to be obtained. This was done by purchasing the animals from the Cypriotes. The mules thus acquired, however, were completely untrained, and at the sight of a red coat exhibited somewhat alarming symptoms of irritation. Under the tuition of an able transport sergeant, however, they were ultimately rendered more docile, and broken in to regular transport work.

TO THE FRONT FROM ISMAILIA BY RAIL

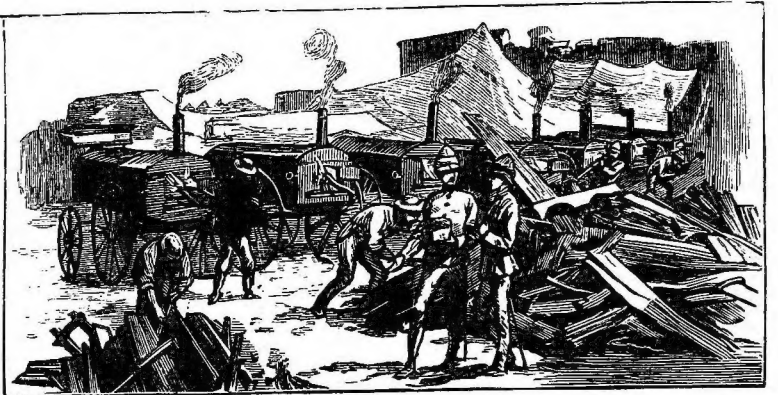
WISHING to obtain a peep at the front our artist and the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* determined to go to Mahsaneh by train instead of on horseback in the usual way. "So cool, so expeditious, so convenient," said people in Ismailia. "You can take boxes and wine and provisions for our friends, and you will be received with open arms." Accordingly, ensconced in a first-class carriage which formed part of the train, the rest being made up of trucks carrying stores, off they started at 6 A.M. laden with good things for the folks at the front, and for four miles the train proceeded happily at a good walking pace, when suddenly the engine wanted water, and stopped. Another stoppage, however, proved more serious, as the officer in command found the train too heavy for the engine,



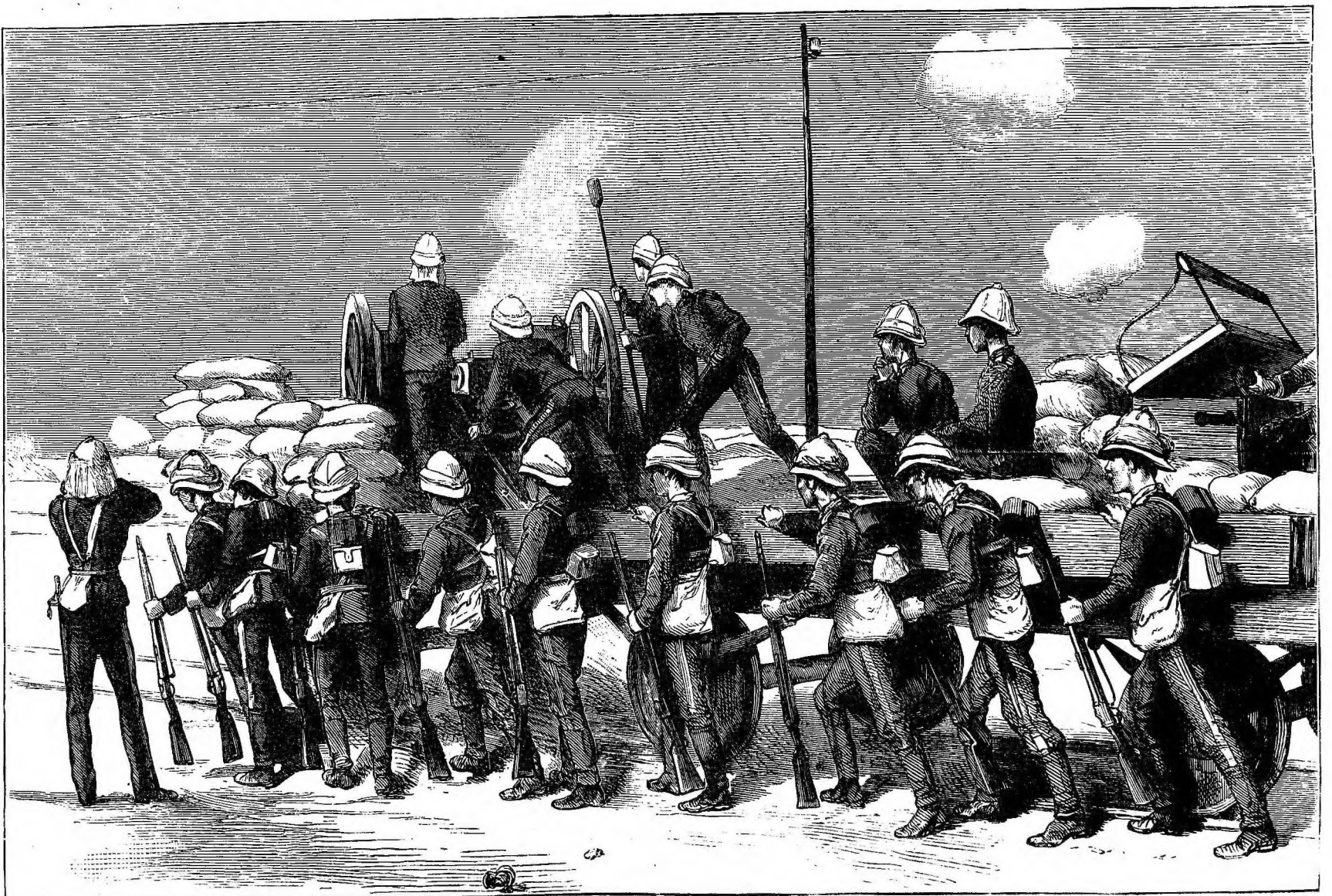
TEA IN CAMP AT TEL-EL-MAHUTA, SEPTEMBER 1, TEN P.M.



ARMOUR-PLATED TRUCKS RUNNING BETWEEN ISMAILIA AND THE FRONT



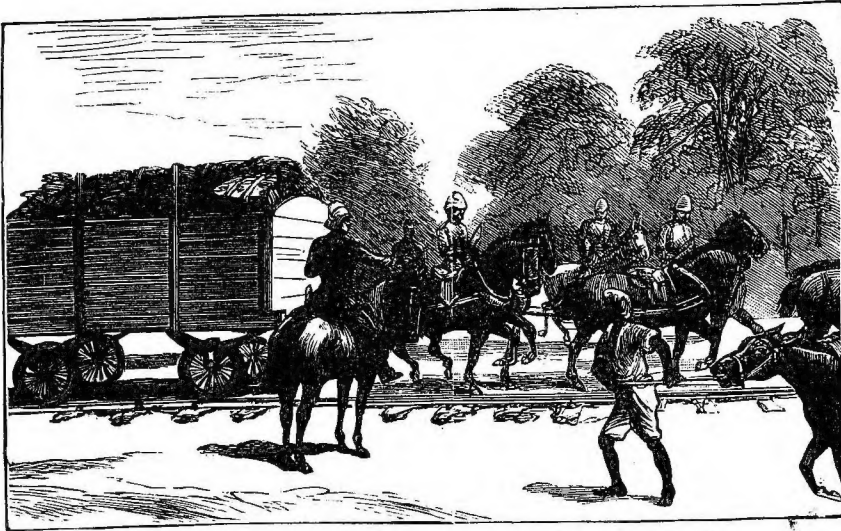
FIELD BAKERY, ISMAILIA



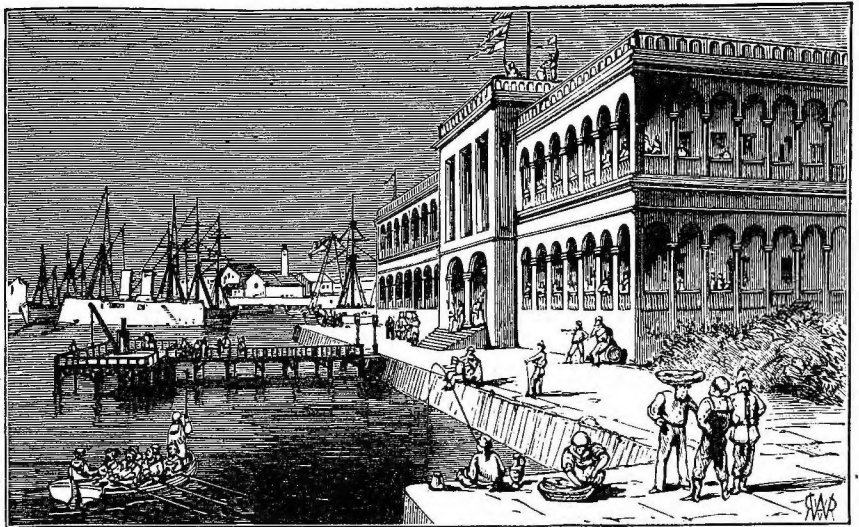
FIGHTING ARABI WITH HIS OWN WEAPONS—WORKING THE KRUPP GUN AT KASSASSIN, AUGUST 23

THE WAR IN EGYPT

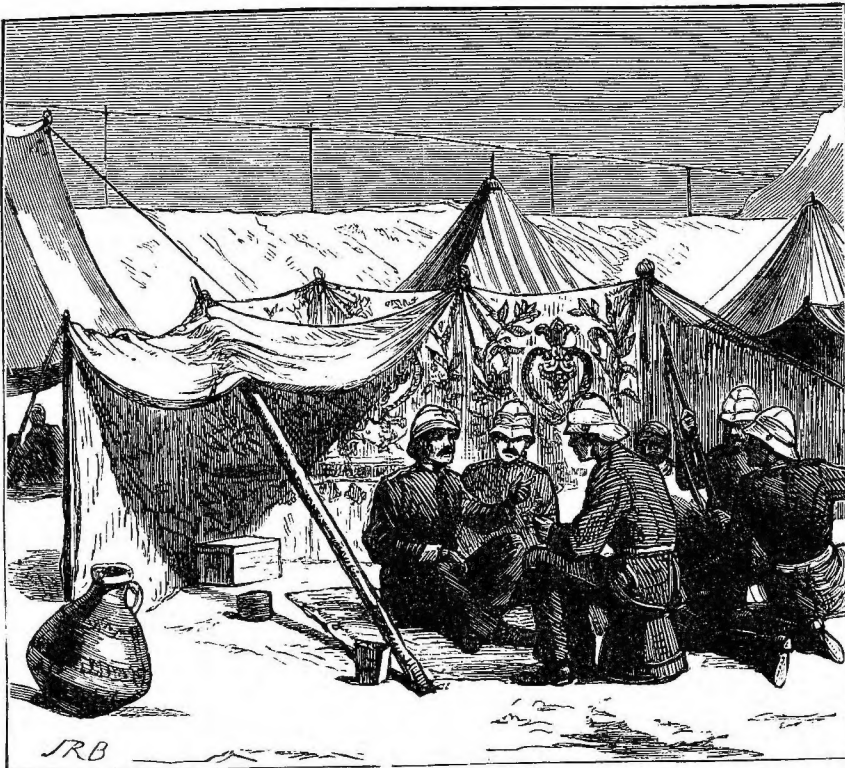
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS, MR. F. VILLIERS AND MR. HERBERT JOHNSON



TAKING FORAGE TO THE FRONT BY RAIL, ISMAILIA, AUGUST 29
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson



BUILDINGS OF THE HOTEL DE PAYS BAS, PORT SAID, PURCHASED BY THE BRITISH
GOVERNMENT FOR NAVAL BARRACKS
From a Sketch by a Naval Officer



A BIVOUAC OF THE ROYAL MARINES AT MAHSAMEH
From a Sketch by an Officer of the Royal Marines



AFTER THE FIGHT AT KASSASSIN—BURYING THE ENEMY'S AMMUNITION, AUG. 29
From a Sketch by an Officer of the Royal Marines



PARADING A REGIMENTAL TRANSPORT TRAIN FOR EGYPT—MOUNT TROODOS, CYPRUS
From a Sketch by a Military Officer

and decided to leave the latter half, including the first-class carriage, on the line. Out scrambled the passengers, and climbed up into the trucks in the fore part, leaving behind half the good things which they had brought with them. Another three miles were traversed when, horror, there was no more water, and no more fuel, so the engine and train parted company, the former finding just sufficient energy to crawl to Mahsaneh, the latter being left with its occupants for two hours under the midday sun, gazing, anything but lovingly, at the Land of Goshen. "Hotter and hotter it grew," wrote our artist's companion, "and more stifling; the iron bands which fastened the heavy bales together on which we sat enthroned became so heated that the finger could not rest on them. We had nothing to eat, and our mouths felt like red-hot nutmeg-graters, our tongues like washleather." Finally, the replenished engine returned, and they reached their destination, Mahsaneh, at two P.M., having accomplished nineteen miles in eight hours. There they enjoyed the hospitality of the 13th Bengal Lancers, arriving just in time for tiffin. At 7 P.M. back the train started, but two miles from Tel-el-Mahuta the engine once more broke down for want of water and fuel. Accordingly the able-bodied passengers—for there were many sick and wounded returning to Ismailia—walked back to Tel-el-Mahuta in the moonlight. Suddenly they were startled by the sound of a voice, "Halt! Who goes there?" and by the sight of a bayonet gleaming from behind a mound—the welcome challenge of a sentry of the English lines. After some little trouble the water carts for supplying the trains were found, and despatched up the line to the engine, while our artist and his companion waited at Tel-el-Mahuta for its arrival, and then once more mounting the truck proceeded without farther mishap until Nefiche—three miles from Ismailia—was reached. There the officer in command determined to fill his water tanks, showing himself zealously particular as to the exact position of the "steam turtle" under his charge. "Move it just two feet farther. No! A foot and a-half!" he cried, anxious to be as mathematically correct as possible. Finally the travellers reached Ismailia and home at 2 A.M.

PORT SAID—PLACING A GUN ON FORT ROYAL

AFTER the occupation of Port Said the Arab population left the town in large numbers. As there was a fort of considerable strength garrisoned by a force variously estimated at from 500 to 2,000 men, distant about seven miles from the town, it was thought prudent to entrench the town to landward. This duty devolved upon the marines and blue-jackets, who performed it in their usual admirable manner.

AN ENGLISH GENERAL TO THE FRONT

"SIR H. HAVELOCK ALLAN," writes our artist at Ismailia, "purchased a trap here, and harnessed a pony and camel tandem fashion. His servant drove the trap full of baggage, while the general himself rode his charger. The turn-out caused a great sensation among the soldiers and residents when he left for the front yesterday, August 29th. Another camel carrying baggage completed the procession."

GENERAL GRAHAM'S HEADQUARTERS

THIS sketch shows the aspect of General Graham's quarters at Kassassin Lock before the advance in force was made to Tel-el-Kebir. The camp subsequently assumed immense proportions, and a correspondent of a contemporary described it as appearing like "a large tented town, being full of life, the smoke curling up, dust flying, and flags waving, and there is the busy hum of twenty thousand voices." Another writer pictured it as "a tent city, three miles long by half-a-mile broad."

TOWING ENGINES DOWN THE CANAL

AN officer writes as follows: "The *Rhosina* transport towed four lighters, with engines and rolling stock, into Port Said yesterday. The distance she had traversed with these unwieldy barges was upwards of 130 miles of open sea. Luckily the weather was fine, or her difficulties would have been greater. Once arrived at the entrance to the Canal, all fear of a catastrophe was at an end. Moreover, as I show in my sketch, they defied easily down between the long avenue of vessels which are always to be found waiting to pass to the Mediterranean or to the Red Sea."

WAR PREPARATIONS IN INDIA

WHEN the order for the embarkation of the Indian contingent for Egypt was received at Bombay, the utmost activity was shown on all sides to get the men and stores shipped as expeditiously as possible. Our sketch depicts some of the scenes at the docks, and are thus described by the artist:—

"The sketch of a bullock-cart shows the driver arrayed in a cast-off coat of H.M. regulars—a vestment in great favour amongst this distinguished community. The coat is surmounted by a red cap lined with yellow, which speaks volumes for the taste of this mortal. He is asleep, but the bullocks pursue the even tenor of their way. It is unnecessary to add that the imperative orders to carry the fittings as expeditiously as possible to the dock are disregarded."

"Next is a scene in a godown with commissariat stores—grain, drinking and water vessels, scales, and chains being depicted in the front. Parsees are looking over the stock, a soldier is at the table checking the bags leaving the shed, and Coolies are picking them up, and carrying them off, to a chorus led by the infatuated gentleman, their *muccadam* or overseer, who may be seen clapping his hands and stamping his feet in his zeal for his laudatory calling. The bags are being conveyed to a steamer lying just outside the shed."

"My third sketch represents a crush of traffic at the Prince's Dock Gate. Carts laden with hooped bales of dry grass for the expedition are blocked, and the drivers, regardless of the presence of a great civic functionary and his weapon, are discussing the gravity of their situation. A fat Bunnia, on a pile of scantlings in another cart, appears in the background, squatting placidly on his property."

"No. 4 shows Coolies loading a steamer with ballast. The work is so arduous, and the size of the pieces of rock so stupendous, that a gang of twelve Coolies is at least required to have the work done efficiently, though I will not say expeditiously, as this is opposed to their ideas of skilled labour. A Coolie in the boat outside is handing up a piece of granite, which will be carefully passed on with two hands from one Coolie to another, until it is finally deposited in the hold—the process requiring the 'choral service' peculiar to native work-people."

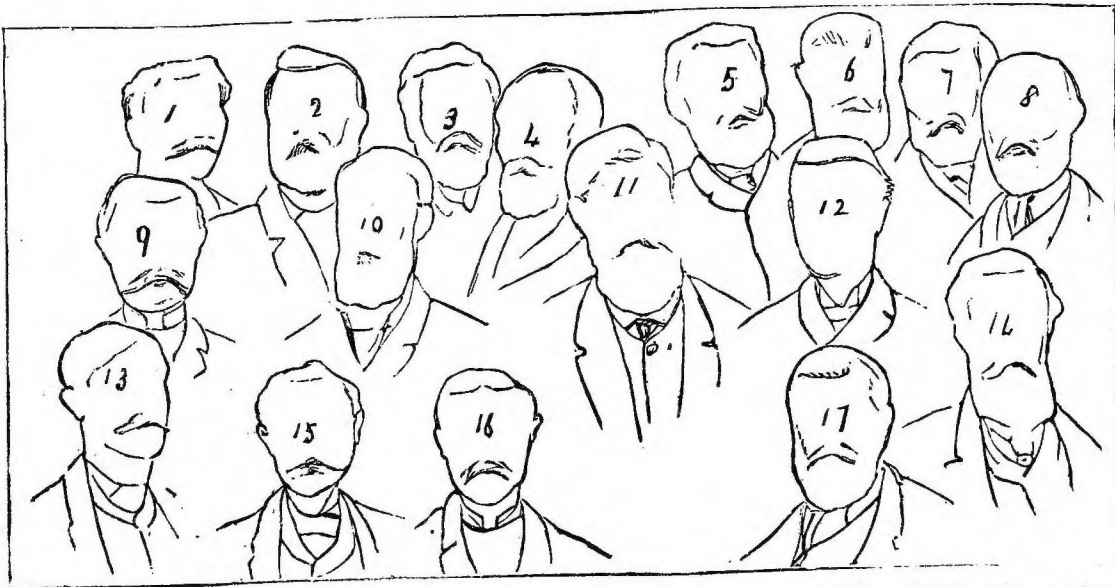
"The last sketch illustrates a shipment of mountain battery mules at Prince's Dock. The admirable facilities at the dock for shipping enable the work to be done expeditiously and without harm to the beasts, who, on the whole, have taken kindly to the peculiar sensation of being carried up in the sky by the massive 5-ton cranes which line all the quays. The natives take delight in watching the shipments, and encroach, perhaps, too freely on the limited space, notwithstanding the wrathful imprecations of the yellow *toped* administrators of the truncheon, who are not generally available in sufficient force to successfully control the offenders."

ALEXANDRIA AS IT IS

THESE engravings, which are from photographs by M. P. Sebah, of Cairo, will give the reader some idea of the aspect of the European quarter of Alexandria after the incendiary fires of July 11th and following days. We have already described the devastation caused by Arabi's retreating troops, but with regard to the Place des

Consuls, or, perhaps, as it is more popularly known, the Great Square, where the chief hotels and houses of business were situated, we may mention that the havoc wrought there by the flames was so great that, on first landing, even *The Times* correspondent, who was well acquainted with the city, could with difficulty make out his whereabouts. "As I walked along," he wrote, "I tried but failed to distinguish one house from another. In a place which I have seen almost daily for seventeen years, I could not even find out the

their superiority, the British team largely increased their lead, and finally won by 170 points, making 1,975 out of a possible 2,520. Major Pearce kept up his reputation by making the highest score of the match—177 out of a possible 210. Private McVittie followed with only one point less, while Corporal Parry and Private Boulter, both of the Second Cheshire R.V., with 170 each, exceeded the best score made by the National Guardsmen. The British team were under the orders of Sir Henry Halford, Lieut.-Colonel



1. Lieutenant John Heap (6th Lancashire R.V.).—2. Private J. Goodear (6th Lancashire R.V.).—3. Captain Mellish (2nd Notts R.V.).—4. Private R. McVittie (1st Dumfriesshire R.V.).—5. Private G. Boulter (2nd Cheshire R.V.).—6. Sergeant F. Oliver (4th Kent R.V.).—7. Corporal C. J. Parry (2nd Cheshire R.V.).—8. Corporal H. Bates (1st Warwick R.V.).—9. Sergeant J. G. Dods (1st Berwick R.V.).—10. Major G. Pearce (4th Devon R.V.).—11. Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Henry Halford, Bart. (1st Leicester R.V.).—12. Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Walrond, M.P. (1st Devon R.V.).—13. Major A. P. Humphry (Cambridge University R.V.).—14. Colonel W. H. Walrond, M.P. (1st Devon R.V.).—15. Captain P. T. Godsal (Eton College R.V.).—16. Private H. Smith (12th Middlesex R.V.).—17. Major C. B. Waller (late St. George's Rifles).

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN RIFLE-CONTEST AT CREEDMOOR, U.S.A.—KEY TO THE ENGRAVING ON PAGE 305

openings of the familiar streets leading to the markets. I could only guess where certain familiar houses had been from their proximity to the statue of Mehemet Ali, which stood alone in the centre." The Bourse Street, which is shown in another engraving, was comparatively little injured, though the lower floors had been looted. As soon as the British occupied the city, the utmost energy was exerted on all sides to clear away the ruins so far as to make the streets passable, and this was effected by the Blue-jackets in a remarkably short space of time.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CAIRO

OUR coloured supplement this week gives a complete bird's-eye view of Cairo, looking north-east, and embraces the whole district between the city and Ismailia, which has been the scene of the recent military operations and of Sir Garnet Wolseley's march upon Cairo. The details of the entry of our troops and the complete and peaceable surrender of the Cairenes are given in another column, so that we may confine our remarks to a brief description of the chief points of interest shown in the view.

The City of Cairo is situated on a sloping plain, lying between the Nile and the Mokattam range of hills, and dates its foundation from 969 A.D., when it was built by a victorious general of the first sovereign of the Fatimite dynasty who ruled in Egypt. It was called Káherah, from the fact that the planet Mars (Arabic, Káher) was in the ascendant on the night of the foundation. In shape the modern Cairo is an irregular oblong, about three miles in length and two in breadth, and contains a population of 370,000, of whom 20,000 are Europeans. The city was greatly beautified and strengthened by the Sultan Saladin, who surrounded it with formidable walls of masonry, and in 1166 built the citadel on an elevated rock, which dominates the town, though it in its turn is commanded by the hills behind. The view of the town from the platform of the citadel is exceedingly fine, and was engraved in our issue for June 17th. In the time of Mehemet Ali Cairo was greatly improved, but the chief changes were introduced after the accession of the late Khédive Ismail, when new streets were opened, new quarters laid out, and the great square of the Esbekeeyeh transformed from a collection of low pot-houses into its present handsome condition. With reference to the surroundings of the city, the Pyramids of Ghizeh shown in the foreground need no mention here. "Old Cairo" is situated about two miles from the city proper, and was the site of the Egyptian Babylon, and once must have been of very considerable extent. The ruins of the old Roman fortress are still visible. Turning to the other side of the city, at Boulak is the museum of Egyptian antiquities, to which the well-known French Egyptologist, Mariette Bey, devoted the latter part of his life. At Shubra there is a splendid palace and garden built by Mehemet Ali, the road thither from Cairo is reckoned the Rotten Row of the Egyptian capital; and at Heliopolis the famed Temple of the Sun once stood, and the oldest obelisk in Egypt still exists.

Going further afield, the map plainly shows the route followed by Sir Garnet Wolseley and his troops from Ismailia to Cairo—namely, along the railway and Fresh-Water Canal to Zagazig, whence, with a sharp turn at right angles, the railway runs direct to Cairo—in all a distance of a hundred miles. The chief battle-fields of the campaign—Tel-el-Mahuta, Mahsaneh, Kassassin, and lastly, the all-important stronghold of Arabi, Tel-el-Kebir—are clearly marked, and it will be seen how easily Arabi was enabled to cut off the water supply from the British army by damming the Fresh-Water Canal, which flows between the Nile and Ismailia. The old camel route to Suez across the desert, before the infidel had made either the iron or the water way, is laid down, as also the track of that memorable march across the desert, which Bonaparte and his troops accomplished in 1799.

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 297.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN RIFLE CONTEST

ON Friday week, while the Hillsdale crew were suffering defeat on the Thames, and Fortune was deserting the Australians at Manchester, England was winning a still nobler victory at Creedmoor. Twelve of the men shown in our sketch, among whom were Majors Pearce and Humphry, formerly Queen's Prize-men, Captains Godsal and Mellish, Lieut.-Colonel Walrond, Sir Henry Halford, and other well-known Wimbledon marksmen, defeated twelve American National Guardsmen at all the ranges. These were 200, 500, 600, 800, 900, and 1,000 yards—covering the whole field of military rifle shooting. At 200 yards the British Twelve led by 9 points, at 500 by the same number, at 600 by only 1; but at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, at which ranges the Americans had been expected by their countrymen to show

Walrond, and Major Humphry—a Committee appointed by the National Rifle Association. All the arrangements were made by Major Waller, who was, however, unable to accompany the team. Next year the American team come to Wimbledon to try their luck again, and, though doubtless defeat will have stimulated them to greater exertions, we hope and expect to see Great Britain once more victorious.

THE LATE DR. PUSEY

EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY was the second son of the Hon. Philip Bouverie (who assumed the name of Pusey), younger brother of the first Earl of Radnor. He was born in 1800, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated as a first class in classics in 1822. Shortly afterwards, he was elected to a Fellowship of Oriel, and in 1828 was appointed Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University. About this time he paid a visit to the German Universities, and his theological opinions inclined to the Rationalistic side. Soon afterwards, however, he became a decided High Churchman, in the new sense of the word. He was not one of the original projectors of the "Tracts for the Times." Nevertheless, his adoption of the cause for which these tracts were written was regarded by the leaders of the movement as an event of considerable importance. "In his *Apologia* Newman says of Pusey, 'I felt for him an enthusiastic admiration. His great learning, his immense diligence, his scholar-like mind, his simple devotion to the cause of religion, overcame me.' And Dr. Newman adds, 'He at once gave to us a position and a name. Without him we should have had little chance of making successful resistance to Liberal aggression.' Then his assured position as a University Professor and Canon of Christ Church, his aristocratic connections, and the popularity conferred by his munificence, all helped to make him influential. Moreover, his teaching was decisive. There was no hesitation about him. This was right, that was wrong. His ecclesiastical statesmanship enabled him and his lieutenants to rally to the Anglican flag much of what was most distinguished in the England of that generation."

Dr. Pusey has often been charged with dishonesty; because, unlike Newman, Manning, and many others, he stayed in the Church of England, and did not deem it advisable to prostrate himself before the Bishop of Rome. Without charging him with dishonesty, it may be perhaps admitted that his logic was faulty, yet thousands of persons at the present day, who hold the same views as Pusey held, conscientiously remain members of the Church of England. The fact probably is, that Pusey saw further into the future than his contemporaries. Perversion to Rome is less popular than it was; first, because "Puseyites," instead of being snubbed and bullied, are to a great extent let alone by their fellow-Christians of other doctrinal views; and, secondly, because the experience of converts has shown that Popery is not such a bed of delights as innocent admirers of the Primitive Church fancied forty years ago. Dr. Newman, the most famous convert Romanist has secured since the Reformation, was notoriously slighted for years, while Dr. Manning has only held his own by exhibiting a zeal exceeding that of native-born Ultramontanes.

At all events Dr. Pusey stayed in the Church of England, and, by a rapid succession of writings, and by his "Library of the Fathers," brought about those changes in Church architecture, music, doctrine, and ritual which have so profoundly affected the Church of England, and which have influenced Evangelicals as well as Anglicans.

Dr. Pusey's life has been one of busy industry and constant controversy, but not of adventure. Its noteworthy incidents are, therefore, few. In 1843 he was suspended for three years for preaching a sermon which was held to involve the doctrine of Transubstantiation. Many years later he denounced (in company with 11,000 clergymen) "the miserable and soul-destroying judgment" of the Privy Council in the matter of "Essays and Reviews;" in 1865, in a volume called "Eirenicon," he advocated the amalgamation of the Church of England and Rome. This dream was dispelled by the promulgation of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility five years later. Dr. Pusey took a great interest in the foundation of Keble College, partly because of his friendship with the author of the "Christian Year." His latest public utterances have been the expression of his sympathy with the imprisoned Mr. Green of Miles Platting, and a denunciation of the attempt to relax the marriage laws concerning deceased wives' sisters. He died peacefully, after an illness of some days, at Ascot Priory, on Saturday, the 15th inst. His brother, his daughter, and his grandson, the Rev. J. E. Brine, were present. The funeral took place on Thursday, the 21st inst., in the Cathedral, Christ Church, Oxford. —Dr. Pusey never sat for his photograph. Our engraving is from a life-sketch made in November, 1873, which has been photographed by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 230, Regent Street, W.

THE LATE MRS. HARRIET CAMPBELL

MRS. HARRIET CAMPBELL, who died at Southgate on the 30th of July last, was the third daughter of the late Major George Hamilton, of Mount Hamilton, Tyrone, Ireland, an officer who served with distinction in the 5th Dragoon Guards during the Peninsular War, and afterwards with the 16th Lancers at the siege and capture of Bhurtpur, in India. These Hamiltons were a warrior race, for every male member of the family, from father to son, have borne a commission for the last two centuries, and nearly every one of these officers has been either killed or wounded in action. These facts are without parallel in the records of the British Army.

In 1848 Miss Hamilton married Major-General (then Captain) J. Douglas Campbell, R.E., retired list, late Chief Engineer of the Punjab, a distinguished officer, who has served at the battle of Maharajpur, throughout the Indian Mutiny, and the Second Burmese War. During the terrible times of the Mutiny, Mrs. Campbell was the guiding star of a large number of the fugitives from Morar, Gwalior, where escape was in a great measure due to her energy, resolution, and courage. When the remnants of the terrified and weary band of which she was the leader, after walking for days and nights with hardly a morsel to eat, under a burning sun, gave up hope—footsores and exhausted—while yet a great distance from Agra, and expecting every moment to be massacred by the hostile villagers, this heroine's spirit and resources did not fail her. She managed to get a few words, detailing their fearful plight and situation, *pricked with a pin on a scrap of paper*, conveyed to her husband, and he, in spite of great dangers and difficulties, succeeded in obtaining and bringing out native carts and an escort, by which means they were able to reach Agra in safety. A full account of these adventures, and the hardships and perils which the fugitives endured, will be found detailed in Copeland's "Narrative of a Lady's Escape from Gwalior."—Our engraving is from a photograph by W. T. Bashford, Portobello, N.B.

THE NEW COUNTY HALL AT PRESTON

THE county business of Lancashire is transacted at Preston. The new offices recently erected there for the use of the magistrates were opened last week by the Earl of Derby, Chairman of the Bench. They are built from the designs of Mr. Little, of Manchester, and form a stately pile of buildings facing Fishergate, the principal thoroughfare of the town.

The building contains the usual suites of offices, all of which are furnished with the latest conveniences and improvements. The principal apartment, however, is the County Hall, arranged after the manner of the House of Commons. It is a splendid room, capable of seating about six hundred magistrates. It has all the appearance of a College Hall. The walls have been decorated with pictures and heraldry, giving an epitome of the eventful History of the County Palatine. In panels, at intervals round the room, are portraits of eminent natives of the county: Romney the painter, Lord Justice Holker, John Dalton the chemist, and many others.

The decorations have been carried out by Messrs. Shrigley and Hunt, of Lancaster and London, and reflect great credit on them and on their artists, Messrs. Jewitt and Allen.

NOTE.—The illustration of Wideawake Birds, published in our issue of July 1, was from a photograph by Mr. Lay, a naval petty officer stationed on the Island of Ascension.—We accidentally omitted to state that the title of Mr. Marvin's new work, reviewed by us last week, is "The Russian Advance Towards India." It is published by Messrs. S. Low and Co. Mr. Marvin writes to us with the view of exculpating himself from the charge brought against him by our reviewer, namely, that he was "indiscreet" in revealing what Skobeleff, Ignatieff, and others "confided" to him. He says that each statesman and general whom he interviewed knew that their conversations would be reported, and that his book has been read in Russia with entire satisfaction.



THE GENERAL SATISFACTION at the issue of the Egyptian campaign has had its effect upon the political speeches of the week. Mr. Gibson, M.P., twitted the Government at Accrington, where he opened a new Conservative Club, with landing us, after all their boasts of "peace, retrenchment, and reform," in a war which might have been avoided had they known, as Lord Beaconsfield did, how to deal with a difficulty in time; and Lord Bury, M.P., at Christ Church, claimed for the late Administration the lion's share of the credit due for our present military organisation, and maintained that there must be "no scuttling out, after the fashion of Afghanistan," and "no more pursuit of a phantom Concert of Europe." As a rule, however, "extra Parliamentary utterances" have been either congratulatory or non-political. Sir J. Pease, replying to a vote of thanks from the Whitby Liberal Association, believed that a very solid and a very strong foundation had been laid for the prosperity of future years. Some of his friends who had gone over to the Tories could hardly have known what they were doing. "There was a great wave of democracy coming," and "it was wise for those who held large estates in the country to lead that wave for good rather than attempt to dam it for evil." Mr. Cowen, in the course of an interesting address to the Newcastle Working Men's Club on "Oratory," declared that "oratory in its highest sense" never existed in England, and this for two reasons. First, that we "were too much immersed in details," and "thought more of persons than of principles;" and, secondly, that "we lived too fast, and could not take time to prepare our speeches." It was "a popular delusion that men could speak without study."

THE FIFTEENTH TRADES' UNION CONFERENCE was opened on Monday afternoon at Manchester. The report of the Parliamentary Committee—an able *resumé* of the Session from the workmen's point of view, chiefly dealing with questions connected with the Employers' Liability Act—was read by Mr. Broadhurst, M.P. "The Committee," it was observed, "could see no hope of satisfactory legislation until the system of conducting business had been considerably improved." On Tuesday the President, Mr. Austin, of the Amalgamated Engineers, delivered an address, and a resolution was passed advocating the appointment of working men and women as factory and workshop sub-inspectors. Arguing in favour of the better representation of labour, the President pointed out that a levy per head of one penny weekly (?) would produce "a sum of 25,000*l.* a year for twenty-five working-class members of Parliament"—a much more liberal estimate than that of the Irish Nationalists, who arrived the other day at the conclusion that an average M.P. could be provided for something like three pounds a week. The Congress was attended by 153 delegates, representing 126 societies, with an aggregate of 510,592 members.

IN THE COAL DISTRICTS the agitation for higher wages continues to gain ground wherever the workmen are not more or less bound by previous agreements with their employers. On Tuesday, at a meeting of the coal-miners of Stafford, Worcestershire, and Shropshire, at Wolverhampton, resolutions were carried supporting the demand of the North Staffordshire men for a 10 per cent. advance, and instructing all the other districts to apply for a similar rise. At a mass meeting on Buckley Common the

Moid, Buckley, and Hawarden pitmen unanimously decided to claim 15 per cent. increase of wages, with the alternative in case of refusal of a general strike. The Executive of the Scottish Miners' Association have passed a notice, calling on all the miners in the West of Scotland to ask for sixpence a day advance on or before the 1st of next month.

IN IRELAND the Lord Lieutenant's tour in the wild West has been on the whole not unsuccessful, though escorts of cavalry on land and armed guard-boats on the lochs spoke unmistakably of lurking dangers. Along the road from Westport to Lenane there was even some display of loyalty, and at Galway, where His Excellency arrived by sea (after a flying visit to the Isles of Arran) to inspect the new floating dock which is now being constructed at a cost of 35,000*l.*, there were pleasant exchanges of complimentary speeches and presentations of loyal addresses from the Town and Harbour Commissioners, which were not marred by any untoward incident.—Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., at a banquet given by the Drogheda Independent Club, has surpassed himself in a vehement onslaught on the Ministry. "He and his friends," he said, "had small admiration for the policy of Lord Beaconsfield, but he would as soon think of comparing William Ewart Gladstone with Benjamin Disraeli as he would of comparing a carrion crow with the eagle of the firmament." Mr. A. O'Connor, M.P., and other Irish members are engaged on a scheme for the partial amalgamation of the numerous independent organisations which all claim the support of Mr. Parnell and his followers. Each organisation will still be left free to agitate, but under the supervision of a Central Council of Irish M.P.'s and representatives of the associations, whose duty it will be to "determine the special object of the general policy to be pressed upon the country at any given period."—The Chief Commissioner of the Dublin police has written to deny that any pressure was put upon the men not to bring grievances as to discipline before the Commission. A private circular has, however, been issued to the County Inspectors of Constabulary, in which it is stated that the Executive is of opinion that the late agitation was mainly due to petty acts of tyranny on the part of certain officers which will not be countenanced by the authorities.—Upwards of a thousand ejection decrees have been posted this week in the Court House at Swinford at the suit of Lord Dillon. No rent has been paid on the estate for three years, and no offer of a reduction has latterly been accepted.—Among the claims of compensation recently put in is one of 2,000*l.* by John Dillon for the murder of his father, and another of 20,000*l.* by Mr. J. W. Bourke, of Rahassan Park, Galway, for the murder of his brother, Walter Bourke.—All efforts to obtain a reprieve for Patrick Walsh, convicted of a murder last year at Letterfrack, have been ineffectual. The execution will take place in Galway Gaol on the 22nd inst.—While some workmen last Thursday were carrying out excavations for purposes of drainage at the base of St. Patrick's Cathedral, a tower supporting a flying buttress, beneath which a deep hole had been dug, gave way, and the buttress, which was simply built up against the wall, fell outwards, killing two children on the spot, and so severely injuring an elder girl that she died within an hour at the hospital. The faulty buttress had not been put up in the recent restoration of St. Patrick's, but in the course of some earlier repairs executed in 1845.

AT A MEETING, last Monday, of the Hammersmith Bridge Committee, it was resolved to memorialise the Board of Works against the threatened suspension of vehicular traffic during the construction of a new bridge, and further, to call a mass meeting for next Saturday. The Prince of Wales, it was stated, had written to a member of the committee promising to use his personal influence on their behalf. The ferry-boats, which the Board of Works propose to put on, will be able to carry 144 persons across per hour. The actual amount of last week's traffic was 86,443 passengers and 10,973 vehicles.

A SINGULAR AND SOMEWHAT TOUCHING BEQUEST has just been made to the poor of London by a Neapolitan gentleman, Pasquale Farale, "in memory of his wife, who was born in London, and with whom he lived there many happy years." The bequest consists of an unpublished opera, in three acts, to be presented to the Queen, and "performed for the benefit of the London poor," and of the sum of 18,000*fr.* for the purpose of granting yearly three marriage dowries of 300*fr.* each to three poor girls of London, chosen by lot, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. At a meeting of the Common Council the announcement was received with cheers, and referred to the City Courts Committee for consideration and report.

INFLUENTIAL MEETINGS in connection with the Early Closing movement have been held within the week in the North-West and South of London. The feeling so far has been very strong in favour of a general closing of shops at five o'clock on Thursday throughout the year.

THE THIRD EXHIBITION OF GOODS connected with the leather trades was opened by the Lord Mayor at the Agricultural Hall last Friday, and will remain open throughout the week. There are 115 exhibitors from all parts of England and Scotland.

DISSATISFIED seemingly with the share allotted to them in the opening ceremony of a few weeks back, the Affiliated Working Men's Clubs of London assembled in great force at Fairmead last Sunday to celebrate the acquisition of Epping Forest for the recreation of the people. The delightful weather brought many thousands together, and the proceedings throughout were most orderly.

AT A MEETING on Monday of the North Moor Spinning Company at Oldham, a resolution was carried unanimously in favour of the projected ship canal from Liverpool to Manchester. The saving to spinners in carriage rates would amount, said the chairman, to 1,500,000*l.*

BESIDES DR. PUSEY, of whom we have given a memoir elsewhere, the obituary for the week includes the names of Mr. Fyfe, the painter; Sir James Alderson, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to the Queen, and sometime President of the College of Physicians; the Hon. and Very Rev. Canon Wellesley, Dean of Windsor; Evelyn Philip Shirley, late M.P. for South Warwickshire, the well-known author of the "Noble and Gentle Men of England;" and Sir D. Wedderburn, lately M.P. for the Haddington Burghs, a comparatively young politician, from whom great things had at one time been expected by the advanced Liberals.

ON Wednesday the Twenty-fifth Annual Congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science was opened at Nottingham with an able address from the President for the year, Mr. G. W. Hastings, M.P., of which the chief topics were educational progress and land reform, notably with reference to the Settled Land Act of the present year, which Mr. Hastings regards as the commencement of a new era in agrarian legislation. The Congress met in the new University Buildings, opened last year by the Duke of Albany—a convenient arrangement by which all six sections can carry on their work under the same roof.

ON Tuesday last the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, attended by the Sword and Mace-bearers and the City Marshal, left London by the Flushing route for Holland, in order to present to the King of the Netherlands the address of welcome, in a splendid gold casket, which would have been handed to him at the Guildhall, had not his visit to this country been cut short by the fatal illness of his wife's sister, the Princess William of Wurtemberg. At the Hague they were received in State, wearing the Netherlands decorations recently conferred on them. In his reply to the address, the King expressed regret that he and the Queen were not able to be present at the Guildhall, but hoped that they would be more fortunate next year. He trusted the bonds of amity between Great Britain and the Netherlands would long continue.



THE LATEST AESTHETIC GUEST-CARD is a natural lily-leaf bearing the name of the visitor painted in golden letters.

THE PARKES MUSEUM.—H.R.H. Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, has accepted the Presidency of the Parkes Museum, which is about to be reopened in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square.

A BEAUTIFUL "ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS," by Leonardo da Vinci, has been discovered in the workshop of a tailor at Turin. The picture bears Leonardo's monogram in the corner, and measures 3 ft. by 2 ft. 3½ in.

THE HOUSES ON THE DOM PLATZ, surrounding Cologne Cathedral, are to be demolished, so that the Minster may be seen to better advantage. The necessary funds for indemnifying the occupants, pulling down the houses, &c., are to be furnished by a grand lottery—rather a dubious method of obtaining money for Church purposes.

THE LEVEL OF THE LAKE OF CONSTANCE has diminished considerably within the last few years, so representatives of the five territories which border the Boden See—Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and Switzerland—will hold a Congress next month to consider the cause of the evil and its remedy.

TOURISTS IN SWITZERLAND have experienced miserable weather this summer, and the present month is said to be the most inclement September ever known. The mountains surrounding Lake Leman and the Lake of the Four Cantons are white with snow, while at Lucerne itself snow fell heavily on Saturday.

THE SIX AMERICAN GIRLS whose walking tour across the North Carolina Mountains we mentioned last week have completed their trip in safety. Throughout the journey they have not once met with any trouble or insult, save the harsh criticisms of their own sex. They kept a log book, in which each recorded her experiences in turn.

THE REPLY INLAND POST-CARDS, which come into use on October 2nd, will be issued as both stout and thin cards. The former will cost 1½*d.* for one, 2¾*d.* for two, 4*d.* for three, 5½*d.* for four, and 6*s.* 8*d.* for a packet of sixty. The thin cards will be sold at the rate of 1¼*d.* for one, 2½*d.* for two, 4¼*d.* for four, and 11*s.* 8*d.* for a packet of 120.

THE LATE HABLOT K. BROWNE ("PHIZ").—It is not generally known that "Phiz" produced, apart from his illustration work, a large number of water-colour drawings and oil-paintings. These, strange to say, far exceed in number his drawings in black and white, and possess considerable merit. Messrs. Jay and Symons, of Clapham Common, have now on view many of the deceased artist's paintings.

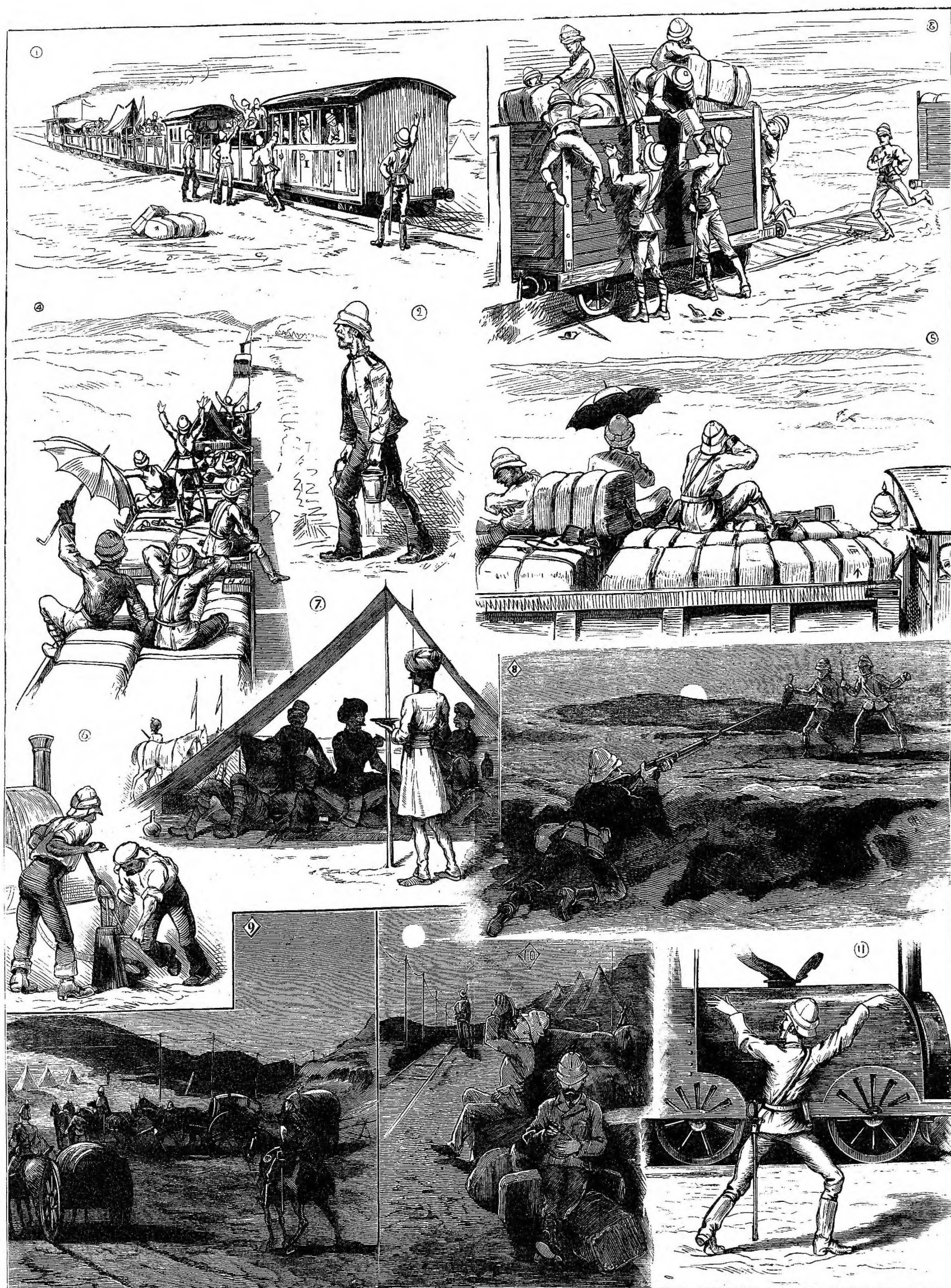
THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE TUILERIES continues to occupy considerable attention in the French Government Fine-Art department, and several plans have been sent in by architects, most of which are too expensive to be accepted. The most feasible scheme entails an outlay of 520,000*fr.*, and suggests that the Pavillons de Marsan and Flore should be left intact at each end, while an isolated quadrangular building should be erected in the intervening space, with a surrounding garden. Four large galleries would be placed on the ground-floor, three to be used for annual exhibitions of paintings, whilst the fourth, with two large galleries above, would give plenty of room for sculpture. If further space was required it would be easy to connect the two Pavilions with the main building by galleries.

LONDON MORTALITY continues to decrease, and the deaths last week numbered 1,269 against 1,322 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 53, and 104 below the average, while the death rate fell to 17*o* per 1,000. There were 3 deaths from small-pox (a decrease of 6), 17 from measles (a decline of 12), 29 from scarlet fever (a fall of 9), 23 from diphtheria (an increase of 6), 38 from whooping cough (a rise of 11), 17 from enteric fever (an increase of 6), 1 from an ill defined form of continued fever (a decrease of 3), 78 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 17), and 4 from simple cholera (a fall of 1). Different forms of violence caused 46 deaths, of which 41 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,430 births registered, a decrease of 136, and 114 below the average.

ANOTHER BRITISH PRIVATE ARCTIC EXPEDITION has narrowly escaped destruction off the Nova Zembla coast, close to where the Austrian vessel *Tegethoff* was abandoned. Sir Henry Gore Booth left for the North early this summer in his sloop *Kara*, intending both to join in the *Eira* search, and to continue his investigations on the coast of Nova Zembla. The *Kara* was in Matoschkin Strait when Mr. Leigh Smith was rescued, and thence proceeded north, meeting the ice on August 1st in lat. 75° 45' N, and long. 58° E. Having anchored next day at Berg Island, the *Kara* was forced by the ice into Lystina Bay, and after losing her anchor, cable, and a boat, was driven ashore on Tern Island. Happily the explorers managed to get off uninjured by lightening the vessel, and on September 3rd freed themselves from the ice, and sailed back to Hammerfest amid heavy snow and bad weather.

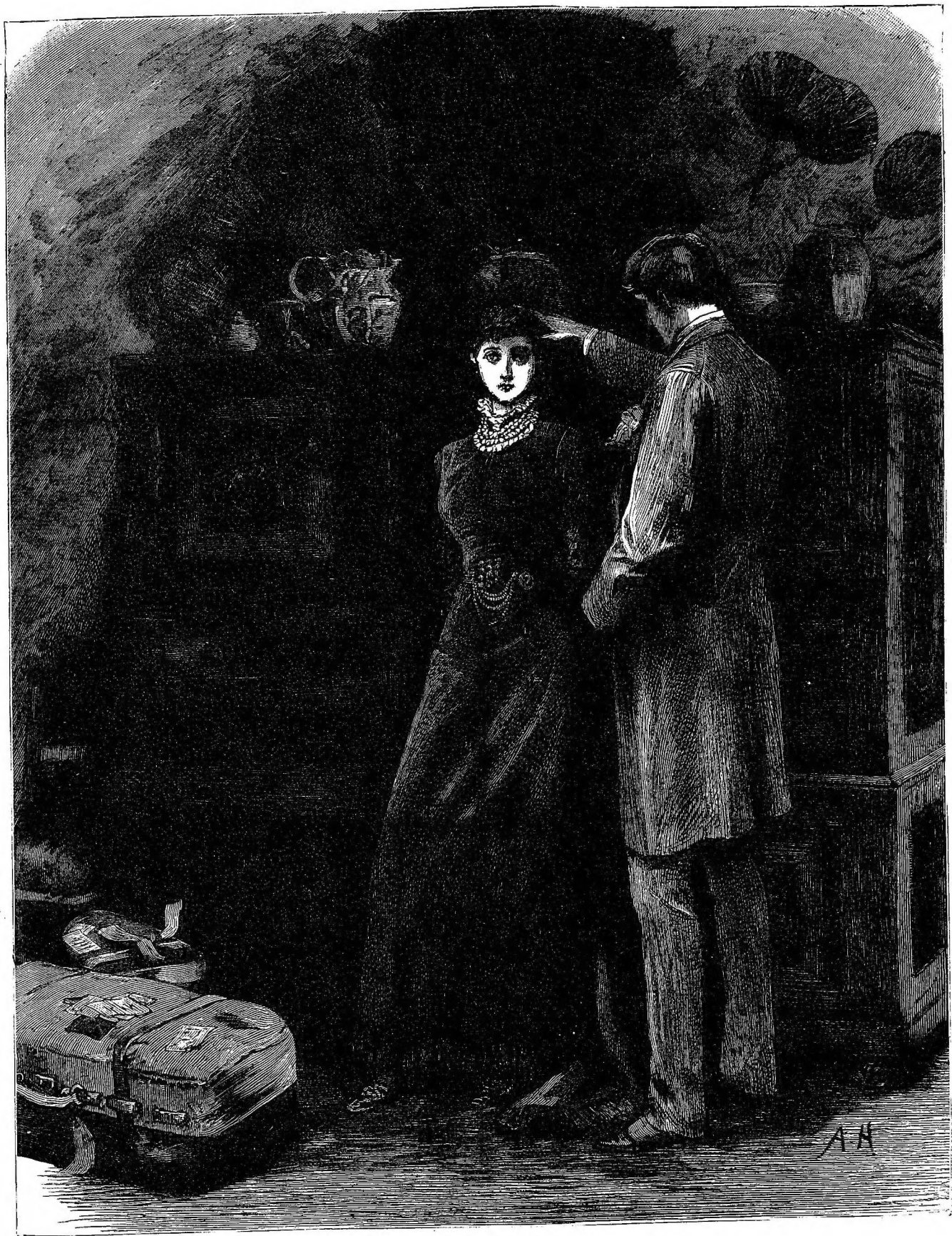
THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT, celebrated last year, is to be commemorated by a special medal, designed by Sir Noel Paton, and the drawings have just been shown to the Queen at Balmoral. Her Majesty's portrait will be engraved on the obverse of the medal, while the reverse will be occupied by an allegorical design. In the centre will be the armed figure of St. Michael, with flaming sword, as the patron of righteous warfare, while under the shelter of his wings on one side will be a group of a mother with a sleeping infant and a child in prayer, symbolising "altar and hearth." On the other side of the Archangel, facing the sea, in the attitude of defence, will kneel three male figures in civil dress, but armed with helmet and spear and with shields interlocked, representing the volunteers of the three kingdoms. In the background a war galley will symbolise the Naval Volunteers, while the legend "Pro Aris et Focis" will encircle the groups.

THE ENGLISH VIEWS OF AMERICAN SOCIETY, recently put forth in various reviews and articles in London journals, have sorely angered a portion of the Transatlantic Press. One particular grievance lies in British readers having accepted the clever novel "Democracy" as an accurate picture of Washington life, and several of the New York journals indignantly aver that it is nothing but an overdrawn, though skilful, caricature. But what most touches American susceptibilities is the English claim for superior cultivation and refinement of manner; and the New York *Critic* indignantly bids the Old Country mend her own ways before she offers advice. "Englishmen may make up their minds that their criticisms on American society will neither correct nor instruct. With all the vulgarities which inhere in a democracy, and which run without restraint in the United States, we cannot accept reproof or advice from a country so snob-ridden as England. Caste has eaten up English good manners. Tory or Radical, bishop or costermonger, all are smitten by the terrible social gangrene from which the mass of Americans are free. On the life of the Latin races we can afford to model ours, for to them base hero-worship is almost unknown. With Englishmen it is part of their being. Until, therefore, they have cured this domestic evil, our English critics should sit silent and ashamed."



1. Your Artist and a Special Correspondent Determine to Take the Train to the Front—We Start at Six A.M.—2. We go at a Walking Pace for Four Miles, when the Engine wants Water.—3. We Stop Again. The Train Being too Heavy for the Engine, Half the Trucks Must be Left Behind.—4. We Travel Another Three Miles, when—Horror! the Engine Suddenly Leaves Us.—5. We Remain for Two Hours in the Broiling Midday Sun, Gazing at the Land of Goshen.—6. But She Has only Gone to Get More Water.—7. At Last We Reach Our Destination, and Enjoy the Hospitality of the 13th Bengal Lancers (Nineteen Miles in Eight Hours).—8. We Start Back, and Two Miles from Tel-el-Mahuta the Engine Again Breaks Down; We Walk on to Tel-el-Mahuta. "Halt! Who Comes There?"—9. There We Find and Despatch Water-Carts Up the Line to the Engine.—10. Waiting for the Train at Tel-el-Mahuta—the Last Drop of Drinking Water, 11 P.M.—11. Stopping at Nefiche for Water. We Reach Ismailia Two A.M.

THE WAR IN EGYPT—FROM ISMAILIA TO THE FRONT BY TRAIN
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HERBERT JOHNSON



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"I am afraid, my darling, you have little else to be thankful for."

KIT—A MEMORY

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PHYSICIAN IS IN VAIN

NOT a word did Christopher Garston say of what he had heard of Mark's rejected application; but for the last few days that remained of the term he kept a watchful eye on him; and noticed that the road to Baddingly was a more favourite walk with him than ever. Moreover that he walked thither alone. Kit himself also paid more than one visit to that secluded village, and made certain inquiries, the effect of which upon him was that similar to laughing gas. It evoked paroxysms of merriment in which, however, he only indulged in solitude; while, on the other hand, as if suffering from reaction, he sometimes became intensely melancholy.

This last state of mind was now become very uncommon with Christopher Garston; but it had not always been so. For years, when alone, he had been subject to fits of depression, of which only one human being beside himself had been cognisant. But of late these had become more and more infrequent. He was "getting over them," which, as he said to himself, was "a good sign," though he never said of what. He was not much given to mental introspection, but contented himself with keeping his eyes uncommonly wide open to all external objects, including his fellow creatures. His powers of observation had, indeed, through long practice, become very keen and (within certain limits) accurate. And he now concentrated them—in all kindness, it should be added, and good faith—upon the unconscious Mark.

He had learnt from Trenna that Mark had not a little scared his folks at home by hinting at the possibility of his not returning to the Knoll for the Christmas vacation, or at all events for the first part of it. "Of course they know nothing about such matters," wrote Trenna; "nor, indeed, do I. But is it possible that the preparations for the Tripas can be already so pressing?"

The tears rolled down Kit's cheeks as he read this reference to the exigencies of Moral Science.

"He has so frightened his mother and Maud," Trenna went on to say, "that they will be grateful if he comes at all; but do persuade him to delay his return as little as possible. And oh, Kit, do not yourself delay. It is touching to see how mother and sister pine to see their darling back; but the Knoll, even without him, is still a happy home; while mine, dear Kit, you know what mine is. What then must it be without *you*?"

Kit sighed and murmured, "What, indeed! Poor Trenna!" Yet he wrote to her as follows: "You may set the minds of our friends at the Knoll at ease, my darling. Mark will come home all right. But it is possible there may be a few days' delay. If I also am a little behind time I know you will forgive it, since—this is between ourselves—it will be for Mark's advantage. I will tell you about it when we meet. There is nothing serious amiss, but he wants what the Governor calls 'a little looking after'—a phrase Mr. Garston was accustomed to use with reference to persons he suspected (and he suspected most people) of peculation.—"From this you will gather that I shall come with Mark, and, in fact, be

his shadow till I drop him safely at his own door. I was not at all surprised to hear of Meade's success with his Mogadion patient, nor, I do assure you, was I displeased. He has no doubt some amiable qualities; and behaved uncommonly well in the matter of putting a stop to the libel case. I am glad to hear he has gone to London, where he will find scope for his talents which are—in his own line—considerable. But indeed, indeed, he was never worthy of my darling Trenna, though in her modesty she may at one time have imagined so. If ever I migrate to London, which, as we agreed, is a very possible contingency, I think I shall find Braithwaite useful. I have a scheme in my head of which I have ventured to drop a hint to him which looks very promising. What is brightest in it is that it gives me hopes of placing my darling Trenna—and that in no distant future—in a position, I don't say suitable to her deserts, for in that case she would sit 'with a crown of gold on a throne' like Tennyson's Merman—but one which would befit her."

To Mark, Christopher proposed that they should at the end of the vacation delay their return home for a few days, to which the other eagerly acceded. Kit's next suggestion, however, namely that they should spend the time in question in London, seemed by no means so welcome. "I had much rather stay up here," he said. Even when Kit pointed out that to stay at Cambridge when the other men "went down" without permission was a breach of discipline, Mark, though ordinarily most amenable to authority, appeared very willing to "risk it." It was only when the other pressed the London project as a favour to himself that he consented.

Kit's influence over him was indeed almost without limit. Had their positions been reversed, and the Baddingly Road had had its attractions for Christopher Garston, it is certain no persuasion of Mark's would have placed his feet upon the road to London; while as for the authorities I am afraid Kit had but little regard for them. His bump of reverence was but small. On the other hand Kit would have done anything for his friend—even to some self-sacrifice—in the way of friendship. Although he affected depression of spirits and the need of a little excitement—"I am a peg too low, Mark, and want a lark," was his mode of putting it—he had not proposed this glimpse of London life upon his own account at all, but solely for his friend's benefit.

Kit had had many such glimpses, and had often heard the chimes at midnight in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall, when his father imagined him to have been within sound of those of Great St. Mary. There were indeed few young men of his age who had sown so plentiful a crop of wild oats as Master Christopher. But young as he was his mind had already become in some respects mature, and fixed upon serious matters; if not on sowing good grain, at all events on reaping a substantial harvest. His notion was that a little London dissipation was the very panacea for Mark's present state of mind, and the thing most likely to sweep away any sentimental nonsense it might be harbouring in connection with the Baddingly Road. If he was wrong, it was a mistake that his elders and betters have fallen into before him, as regards their young people. Indeed these little excursions to London, which may almost be said to be a part of the University course, are looked upon with no disfavour by many a Paterfamilias. Only second to the national superstition concerning the benefits of "roughing it" is the idea that it does no harm to young men that they should have their opportunities of sowing their wild oats. But it is sometimes fatal to good husbandry; indeed the Poet goes further, and warns us lest this

Divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procure to the Lords of Hell.

The British Paterfamilias, however, is not poetical, but, on the whole, philosophical.

Any more deplorable failure, however, so far as Mark was concerned, than that expedition of pleasure was never planned. Our British notions of "a lark" are, it is true, various and peculiar. A very common one is that it consists in pointing a gun (which you believe to be unloaded) for fun at your sister, and blowing her brains out; but the lark of Christopher Garston and Mark Medway had no fun in it. Mark was in the worst of spirits, and yawned at everything. Kit took him to the Cider Cellars (at that date in their prime), to "The Judge and Jury," and to all sorts of entertainments which begin when you and I, honest reader, have been for hours asleep in our respective and respectable beds. Mark's behaviour even in scenes of attractive dissipation was, as Kit afterwards described it,

As though you had taken sour John Knox
To the ballet at Paris, Vienna, and Munich,
Fastened him into a front row box,
And danced off the ballet in trousers and tunic.

Of course he was out of his element, but making allowances for the fact that Mark was engaged in compiling a History of Cornwall, and had a theory of his own about the religion of the Druids, he was still young, and might reasonably be supposed to be susceptible to the smile of beauty. He paid no more attention to it, however, than he would have paid to a cricket-match.

Then Kit shook his head, justly concluding that matters were much more serious with his friend than he had had any idea of, and took him home to his mother.

CHAPTER XXVI.

COMING HOME

THE Poet has told us, and in all good faith, that "There is no place like home;" but it is possible he made that observation in a double sense; for the word "like" may signify "so bad as." There was certainly no place (or very few places) calling itself a home, which in this sense was like the Grey House. This was a circumstance, however, by no means known at Cambridge, where Mr. Garston's modest dwelling-house at Mogadion had been described, by one who was in the best position to do so, as a palatial residence inhabited by a county family of distinction. Indeed, one of the few reasons which had rather indisposed Christopher Garston to welcome his friend's coming to college was the apprehension that his account of matters at home might not be quite identical with his own. For though Kit's mind, as we have said, was maturing rapidly, he had a weakness or two still left, and one of these was a tendency to boastfulness. It is bred in the bone in some men. They would have us believe that they are spoilt children of Fortune in all things; that their speculations on the Stock Exchange are always successful; and that when they have forgotten their umbrellas it never rains. Nay—what with ordinary mortals is unprecedented—I have even known them acknowledge that they habitually win at whist.

As it happened, Christopher Garston's fancy sketches of the state of things at Mogadion did not suffer by contrast with that more literal version which might have been expected from his friend. Medway was reticent about his home affairs, and his college friends—who, moreover, were not Kit's friends—evinced no curiosity to become acquainted with them. In this matter there is between the undergraduate and the schoolboy a marked distinction. The schoolboy is often solicitous to show that his father keeps more horses, and is altogether a greater personage, than other boys' fathers; the undergraduate has a noble contempt for such comparisons, and wishes on the whole that his father would keep less horses and make up the difference to him in his allowance. Kit's boastfulness was the only thing about him which bored his friends; though it must be owned that here and there it did him some service.

Mr. Robert Braithwaite, for example, would not perhaps have been quite so intimate with him had he suspected he was the somewhat scapegrace son of a country attorney, and (especially) that Kit had attached himself to him as the man above all others likely to be of use to him in after life. As it was, he took Christopher Garston for a young gentleman of sufficient means, and with such a remarkable talent for business affairs that he mentioned him more than once in his letters to his father, the City magnate. Of this fact Kit had made himself acquainted, and in the scheme at which he had hinted to Trenna it formed no insignificant item. He was returning home, indeed, with higher hopes respecting his future than he had ventured to entertain before; but, at the same time, as he drew near the Grey House, his heart was heavy within him. How very, very different, he reflected, was the reality that awaited him from the picture he had drawn for other eyes. His father, as he was well aware, was estranged from him; if, indeed, that could be called estrangement which was the gradual separation caused by annoyance and disappointment at his own conduct in one whose feelings towards him had never been those of a parent. Mr. Garston, senior, was a hard man, who, when his son had earned his praise, had been silent, but when he merited his rebuke had administered it with severity. Such men are common enough, and when they find their offspring undutiful inveigh against them as being devoid of natural affection, a proof that they themselves are no believers in heredity. But Mr. Garston was not only hard as an oak branch, but as crooked. His ways were devious, his morality of a low order, and backed by sordid funds ("Heaven helps those who help themselves," "Beware of being found out," &c., &c.), which uttered by one in domestic authority are apt to be laid to heart by young people quite

as readily (to say the least of it) as a Scripture text on a bedroom wall.

From his father's hand Kit expected little or nothing; and without any such expectation he knew that the hopes he entertained of winning Maud Medway for a wife, were, for the present, hopeless. He could not go to her and offer himself as a husband without a penny. But he had played his part with her as a lover, and, as he flattered himself, successfully. Without having absolutely engaged himself to him, he was sure that she was cognisant of his feelings towards her, and to some extent at least, reciprocated them. If only circumstances were propitious, he felt that with Mark's affection and Mrs. Medway's good wishes to back him, Maud would become his wife. He had no rival, nor was he likely to have any; for of Frank Meade he had never had any fears in this respect. Maud had never shown any tenderness for Frank; indeed, her woman's eye must have long since discovered that he had a weakness for Trenna; and though Kit was well resolved that nothing should ever come of that, the circumstance strengthened his own position. Maud would wait for him, and, as he fondly hoped, this need not be for long.

But, in the mean time!

How he grudged the days he must still pass under yonder roof, looking so grim and bare through the leafless trees. A dark and loveless home indeed, save for its one sweet tenant, Trenna! It must not be concluded that the young man's thoughts were of himself alone; far from it; he thought of his sister with deep and passionate affection, and even of her fate apart from his own. What a life she must have had of it, during these last few months, while he had been at college out of sight of the disagreeable scenes, out of hearing of the disagreeable things, which must often have met her eyes and ears. How much doubtless she had undergone, and for his sake, and yet how patient, how docile, how uncomplaining she had been! What a gentle, as well as steadfast, guardian angel.

She was waiting for him, as he knew she would be, straining her eyes from the hall porch to catch the first sight of him as the fly drove through the gate; and, if unselfishness can hallow love, hers indeed was sacred. They embraced affectionately, but even as they did so, he whispered warily with a glance at his father's door, "Is he at home?" and she answered "No, not just now," with a sigh of relief, or rather of reprieve, and led him into her own little room. Then she put him from her at arm's length, and regarded him more as though she had been an affianced bride than a sister, exclaimed, "How well and bright you look, Kit! Thank Heaven for that."

"I am afraid, my darling, you have little else to be thankful for," he answered, tenderly, pushing the rich masses of raven hair from her brow, and regarding in his turn her comely, but careworn face. "You have had a bad time of it, I fear, Trenna."

"Don't speak of it, at least not just yet," she murmured, "I can't bear it; you left all well at Cambridge?"

"Oh, yes, Mark is well enough in health; I brought him with me."

"I was not thinking of Mark; what is Mark to me? I mean as regards your own affairs. There is nothing new amiss, I trust."

"No, darling, nothing. So far from that I trust things are in train to make amends for all my errors and misdoings."

When things went wrong with him, through his own fault, Kit was wont to call them, as Beau Brummell's valet called his master's spoilt cravats, "our failures," but the present occasion was a supreme one, and seemed to demand a higher flight of morality.

"I hope, Kit, there is no danger about your plan," Trenna answered, apprehensively; "we have had enough of risks."

"No, no danger, dear, and indeed no risk to me. It is a bold stroke that I am contemplating, no doubt, but, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

"It is not—oh, Kit," she faltered; "I hope it has nothing to do with Maud?"

"Certainly not. What made you think of her?—the proverb misled you. No, I cannot afford to think of Maud just yet."

His sister's lips moved; what they would have uttered had she given them leave was "Neither now, nor ever;" but she would not vex him with opposition at such a moment. Moreover it was her own conviction, from what she had seen between Frank and Maud of late, that Kit's chance was over in that quarter.

It was certainly from no association of ideas in Christopher Garston's mind that he continued, "And how about Frank Meade?"

Trenna turned scarlet, as though he had read her thoughts. Kit, on the other hand, attributed her change of colour to another reason.

"I hope there is an end to that folly, Trenna," he said frowning.

"There was no folly," she answered vehemently; then, with exceeding bitterness, she added, "but if you mean, is all chance of my becoming the wife of an honest man at an end? I answer 'Yes.' My lot in life, as you well know, is thrown in with yours."

A heavy frown passed over Kit's face; it was with difficulty that he restrained a burst of passion. He answered, however, in tones even more gentle and persuasive than usual, "Thrown in, dear Trenna, but not thrown away. A time will come—and soon—when you will not regret having been the Good Genius of Kit Garston."

She shook her head and smiled sadly. "Your intercessor and defender, if you like," she answered; "but not good."

"Nor a genius, perhaps," he answered laughing. "Well, well; we will not quarrel about terms. Let it suffice that no brother ever owed to sister what I owe to you. My whole life will be too short to repay it."

Then she clung to him and sobbed and cried as though her heart would break, though not with sorrow only, while he clasped her to his breast, and looked over her shoulder thoughtfully into the dark Past and distant Future.

"You paid the compensation money I sent you, to Meade, I conclude, though you did not mention it, of course, in any of your letters?"

"Yes."

"How did he take it? It was a delicate operation such as I could have trusted to no hand but yours."

"He asked no questions, except whether I was sure it did not inconvenience me, as, if so, there was no sort of hurry about the repayment. He behaved throughout with a delicacy and generosity such as I shall never forget to my dying day."

"He did, did he? Well, that is one thing well over, at all events—thanks to you. He has kept his own counsel, I presume; as to the other matter—the note at Plymouth, I mean—you have no suspicion of the Governor's having heard of that?"

"No. He has, however, been cultivating relations with Mr. Tennant, who had Dr. Meade's instructions for the libel case."

"And whom he swore he never would speak to again," said Kit with a sneer. "Well, he will learn nothing there if Frank is to be trusted."

"Frank is to be trusted above all men. But there must be others cognisant of—of—the matter in question."

"No doubt, no doubt," answered Kit, biting his lip.

"Father has not hinted of his loss for weeks," observed Trenna after a pause.

"That's bad," mused Kit; "for any one may be sure he has not forgotten it. And I suppose you have had to listen to a good many Jeremiahs concerning my unworthy self."

"Your father has not mentioned your name for weeks, Kit."

"Indeed. That's the worst news of all, Trenna. If he is silent—is not abusive—there must be mischief brewing."

"Indeed, I fear so," she answered.

"Well, well, we can only wait and hope for the best; there is no use making ourselves wretched about it," for Trenna's face was full of fear. "There, there, let us talk of something else. I was

going to tell you of this scheme of mine. You know Cook's Creek?"

"Yes; the place where the tin mine was," she answered with a pretence of interest.

"Where the tin mine is," you should say. "The metal is there still, safe enough. The mine was yielding largely when the works were stopped, because the expense of the machinery swallowed the profits of the yield. It was a rich mine even in the times of the Phœnicians. Borlase says of it—"

"Are you quoting from a prospectus?" interrupted Trenna quietly. "Well, upon my life you are a sharp girl. You've guessed it; though at present it's only an idea in my own mind. I have been thinking a good deal about it, and I am quite convinced there's money in that mine."

"You mean there would be," put in Trenna gravely, "if you could persuade people to sink it there."

"Not at all; I would only persuade them to sink a shaft, and then they would find the tin. They would have to find the tin in one sense of course to begin with," said Kit with a droll look, "but in the end I am quite sure they would be amply recompensed."

"I don't think you would persuade other people to be 'quite sure,'" replied Trenna drily; "at least nobody who knows Cook's Creek."

"Just so," replied Kit, with an inexpressibly comical air. "There is no profit, as has been long admitted, to be got out of one's own country. The folks about here are wholly without enterprise."

"You mean that they have had too many enterprises," observed Trenna. Her manner had entirely altered. One would never have recognised her as the same girl, who but a few moments ago had succumbed to her feelings. What had been wax was iron. Or was it the difference only between iron hot and iron cold?

"Well perhaps so; let us say that after so many underground ventures they have become as blind as moles—even to their own interests. For my part I shall make no effort to enlighten them. I shall appeal to the intelligent public; people who live a long way from Mogadion."

"And do you think," said Trenna, in the same cynical tone, "that an intelligent public will believe in a mine, the expenses of working which swallow up its profits?"

"They did swallow them, my dear, but that is no reason why they should continue to do so. Science has altered the conditions, and given us better machinery at a cheaper rate. Yes, as you were about to observe, that is the prospectus again; and a very good prospectus too."

For Trenna's air was not only incredulous, but disdainful. "If I were you I would say nothing in it about the Phœnicians," she said quietly.

"Why not? I thought the allusion rather a trump card; why not the Phœnicians?"

"Well, because, if I may say so without offence—they, like the mines, have been worked out."

"There's something in that, my girl; I'll think about it. And just think over the matter yourself, will you. Your suggestions are always worth having. We must have something—I mean in the prospectus—to remove the thing from the domain of mere speculation—Hush, there's the Governor's footstep; not one word of this, remember to any living soul, my darling; I'll go out and meet him."

(To be continued)



TWO RECENT volumes of the "Great Artists" series of biographies (S. Low and Co.) are disappointing. "Meissonier," by Mr. J. W. Mollett, is not first-rate work; partaking more of the nature of an elaborate compilation than an independent study of the artist's life and work. Some people, however, may reasonably ask whether Meissonier, with all his talent and accomplishments, can be reckoned one of the "great" artists, unless an equivocal interpretation is given to the adjective. Mr. Mollett's excuse for refraining from criticism seems to us rather feeble. "I think," says he, "that the biographer and the critic should be two persons: the witness should not assume the function of the advocate." (Quite so; but is the critic necessarily an advocate? Mr. Mollett goes on to explain that, because he has yielded to the temptation of hero-worship, because he has become "filled with sympathy" for the subject of his compilation, he would therefore have been a "partial and worthless judge," had he attempted criticism of his own. All this looks like affected modesty, intended to conceal the nakedness of Mr. Mollett's book-making. Book-making is not necessarily a sin; it is often useful—in this case it is useful; but Mr. Mollett would have shown better judgment if he had said nothing about the advocate and the critic, the biographer and the witness, and had not endeavoured so successfully to depreciate himself in a manner which indicates not only confusion of metaphor, but confusion of mind.

It seems that only two volumes of the series can be devoted to the Early Italian Sculptors; consequently "these little books cannot pretend to give more than a mere outline of the progress of the sculptor's art at the time of the Renaissance." This seems to us a mistake. The sculptors of the Renaissance are as much worth detailed and individual consideration as the painters. Misconceptions of this kind have destroyed the value of a series which at the beginning promised well. Mr. Leader Scott, in "Ghiberti and Donatello," deals as much with the Pisani, the Cosmati, and Balduccio di Pisa, as with the masters whose names give the title to the volume. Criticism and description, consequently, are practically impossible, and the work becomes a mere sketch. That it will prove a "useful introduction to the study of deeper authors," and that it will "be of use as a handbook for Continental travellers," is not very probable. The fact is a good opportunity has been thrown away.

How five people spent five weeks on the Continent at a cost of a hundred and twenty-five pounds, is not the sort of material to make a very novel book. "The Foreign Freaks of Five Friends" (Kegan Paul and Co.), however, has a certain freshness and unconventionality about it that undoubtedly attract. The five friends were all of the fair sex; and the story of their pleasant wanderings is very pleasantly and simply told by one of them—Miss C. A. Jones. They visited Brussels, Coblenz, Basel, Zurich, and the Rigi, and almost every place of interest in Switzerland, returning via Strassburg. Miss Jones's style is chatty and readable; she has not "boiled down" guide books; and she is not ashamed of her own ideas. She has a sense of humour, and genuine reverence; and her little book will interest those who have, and fire the emulation of those who have not, enjoyed a Continental tour.

"Theatrical Anecdotes" is the latest addition to the Mayfair Library (Chatto and Windus). Mr. Jacob Larwood, already known by his "History of Signboards," has done his work very well, the book being as good a compilation of the kind as we have seen. Which, perhaps, is all that we need say.

Major W. J. Elliott's "The Victoria Cross in Zululand and South Africa," tells in a spirited and graphic manner the story of the war of 1879, and the many heroic deeds by which the campaign was distinguished. We cannot agree with many of the author's opinions, which are sometimes forcibly expressed; but his little book is certainly interesting, and it is copiously illustrated.

Some of Mr. Caldecott's contributions to our pages have been collected and republished under the title of "Randolph Caldecott's Graphic Pictures," by Messrs. Routledge and Sons. These drawings are somewhat unequal in interest and execution perhaps; but some of them possess not a little of the artist's best qualities. The series called "Our Haymaking," for instance, is full of airy and fantastic grace, as pleasant as it is individual; and one or two of the sketches in "Mr. Carlyon's Christmas" must rank with his ablest work. "The Wychdale Steeplechase," again, is notable if only for the delightful picture of Squire Marbury on "Grey Friar" coming in alone. The other series, though not quite so good, perhaps, as these, are laughter-moving, and not without grace; and altogether the volume of delicately-coloured pictures is entertaining and desirable.

"Phiz" (W. Satchell and Co.) is a timely little memoir of the late Habbot K. Browne by Mr. Fred. G. Kitton. Mr. Kitton is already known as an artist, many of his drawings having appeared in this journal for some years past, together with occasional articles. The monograph is extremely interesting; it embodies a great number of facts (some of them curious), it includes a selection from the deceased artist's correspondence, and some appreciative notes on his principal works; and it is illustrated with numerous engravings, mostly printed from the original blocks. The correspondence is noteworthy, being eminently characteristic of the man. Some of the letters were written to Charles Dickens, and are now published for the first time; others, addressed to his son, are brimful of rollicking fun, geniality, and affection. Altogether the world has reason to be grateful for so comprehensive and instructive a memoir of an artist whose work perhaps has yet to be appreciated at its true worth. Mr. Kitton has done his task in a sincere and simple fashion; his little book will do much to rouse an intelligent admiration of drawings which have the rare quality of imagination, as well as humour, humanity, and a piquant individuality.

For some little time past the name of Mr. Henry George has been more or less familiar to the readers of English newspapers. A work by him called "Progress and Poverty" has been referred to with a curious bewilderment by writers of leading articles; and not long ago were published two facts concerning Mr. George, one was that he had been arrested in Ireland under the Coercion Act, but had been released after a short detention, and the other, mentioned in the House of Commons, was that he had been invited to dinner by a Cabinet Minister, and had accepted the invitation. Some who profess to be behind the scenes do not disguise that Mr. George is the "teacher" of Michael Davitt, and they say that the famous letter of the latter to the *Standard*—that in which Mr. Davitt spoke of the nobler vision which had dawned before him in the felon's cell—was written under the influence of repeated perusals of "Progress and Poverty." These things, together with the facts that Mr. George recently delivered a striking lecture in London, and that he is to be *framed* by the London Democratic clubs, have given him a certain notoriety, and the recent publication of "Progress and Poverty" (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), in a cheap edition at sixpence, and of the pamphlet on "The Irish Land Question" (William Reeves) at the same price, will put Mr. George's ideas within reach of every one. "Progress and Poverty" is political economy humanised. It is as original as it is enthusiastic. Mr. George pits himself against an authority as revered as John Stuart Mill, and starting from the fact that with the increase of wealth there is no decrease of poverty,—that despite the Midas-like power of modern civilisation the poor remain poor, and in these days of vast productiveness such a contrast is still possible as that between the East and West of London—Mr. George concludes that the "nationalisation of the land" is the only remedy for the evils of modern civilisation. Make land common property, and abolish landlords without compensation, that is Mr. George's answer to the modern Sphinx. That his doctrines will get little support in England need hardly be said; but "Progress and Poverty" may nevertheless be recommended as a remarkable contribution to the current literature of democracy. It is the work of a man with an original mind. It is closely reasoned and earnest; and the style, which is simple and unconventional throughout, rises here and there to a tone of unusual eloquence.

Dr. Charles Kendall Adams's "Manual of Historical Literature" (Sampson Low and Co.) will be warmly welcomed by students. It aims at being a complete guide to the histories of the world in all languages. It is divided into chapters dealing with histories of special periods, such as histories of antiquity, histories of Rome, of Greece, of the Middle Ages, &c. The chapters are sub-divided into such headings as general histories, histories of particular periods, of individual states, of institutions and civilisation, &c., and each concludes with suggestions to students for both short and long courses of reading. In a task of such magnitude as this it is inevitable that there should be a few deficiencies, but, on the whole, Dr. Adams has done his work admirably. The only fault is that, in some cases, enough guidance is not given to the student as to the relative value of some of the books mentioned. But all students of history will be thankful for the work, which will put them at once on the track of the best books, and save much time which would otherwise be spent in examination of catalogues and worrying of professors.

If Mr. Matthew Arnold has published selections from Byron and Wordsworth, Mr. Stopford Brooke from Shelley, and Mr. J. R. Green from Addison, Professor Sidney Colvin may well come before the public with "Selections from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor" (Macmillan); for where thousands read the poetry of Byron and Shelley, and hundreds skim the essays of Addison, hardly tens are to be found who have read the "Imaginary Conversations" of Landor, or the too-abstruse "Gebir." Lovers of literature will of course always go to Landor for themselves. He is a literary giant whom no student can afford to neglect, but he holds a position in literature something like that held by Spenser; he is the delight of poets and writers, but is too far removed from the mental habits of ordinary readers to be more than a distant object of wonder, and perhaps curiosity. To satisfy this curiosity has been Professor Colvin's task, and it is almost superfluous to say that it is done with a tact and lovingness which leave nothing to be desired. The critical introduction is wise and generous, and difficult as the work of selection was, it has been so done that the reader may feel sure that he has in this daintily-printed volume most of what was best in the writings of Landor.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

To all you people now on land these lines I will indite, but first would have you understand—that I address more especially those who take an interest in a greenhouse and flowers, especially roses. Of course then I have for readers the superior sex, for I never met with a lady yet who did not admire the rose. I write as a murmurer who has ceased to murmur; as one sore afflicted, who has awakened to the fact that there are others so much more afflicted, and so exceedingly sore, that it becomes unseemly in him to complain about his tiny smart when he sees others suffering from his little pain multiplied by a billion, and these, as the figure folks say, squared and cubed.

What do I mean by this rhapsodical introduction? I mean insects—insect pests and plagues and abominations, as we call them—creatures, however, which in their beauty of construction no doubt consider themselves very fine fellows, and enjoy life thoroughly when they are let alone. However, we denounce them as plagues and pests for destroying our plants, when probably all the time, if an aphid can think, it is looking upon us as a race of

creatures worse than Herods, for we slay not only the children but the parents as well. It is always so: the strongest get the best of it, though, philosophically and fairly, the insect has as just a right to the morsel of space it occupies as six-foot man to his; but if the race of aphides would learn wisdom they would affect vegetables that the tyrant man has not planted for his use and specially called his own.

Now I dare say there are many people who have never given a second thought to an insect upon a leaf or tender shoot. As a rule, ladies notice these things most. They see a rosebud and the young stem that supports it covered with insects as closely as they can stick, completely covering the surface. They see a similar sight if they have a greenhouse, and tell you that their calceolarias or cinerarias are very much blighted, and buy aphid brushes or insecticides to destroy the pest. To the casual observer these are all the same—blight or green fly; but a second glance will show that they are all different, and that each particular plant has its own insect plague which loves to feed upon its especial juices, while the first thing the insect does as soon as it is born is to crawl to a juicy place, stick in its beak or proboscis, and there stop and suck and grow till the unfortunate plant can supply no more sap, and withers and dies. If any one will take the trouble to look, he will see that the delicate pale-green insect of the greenhouse is very different from that which clusters upon the rose, and if investigation be carried farther, you will see that your cherry-trees carry myriads of an aphid that is nearly or quite black; your peaches and nectarines one that is rather black, and does not cluster on the shoots, but on the under surface of the leaves, making them curl up into a dwelling for the insect plague. Your plum-trees, again, have an aphid of a delicate French grey, covered with a powdery bloom, and clustering so thickly beneath the young leaves, where the rain cannot wash them off, that the wonder is that they can find room, and do not burst out into a violent quarrel and kick one another down.

There is an old-fashioned herb, called tansy, well-known to our grandmothers, a handsome plant, with beautifully cut and crisped leaves, bearing a cluster of bright yellow flowers that grow close and flat, looking at a distance like young gilt buttons. This plant has its aphid of a bright purple black—a large aphid, that clusters closely upon the shoots, and its peculiarity is this, that if you tap a stem ever so lightly with a stick, every insect of the thousand there gives an angry spasmodic kick, as if resenting the attack, and exclaiming, like Mrs. Guppy, "Get out." This has a most singular effect, for the stems seem for the moment alive—certainly kicking—and then the creatures settle down to their sap-sucking once again. If you grow beans you will find their tops covered with a black aphid by millions, bearing at the first glance a strong resemblance to those upon the cherry shoots; and if you turn to your apple-trees, you will find that they do not escape, for what is called "American blight" visits them in the shape of a very soft, easily crushed insect, covered with minute fibres like extremely delicate cotton wool, giving the aphid the appearance of having slipped into a gum-bottle and then dried itself in cotton dust. Again, there is the aphid of the nettle, an insect of an extremely clever kind, for it contrives to get through its short span of life without being stung, at least we may take it for granted by its affecting the same class of plant year after year; and as it is botanically only a very short stride from the nettle to the hop which has its aphid, here is the sore sore that, living amongst the hop-gardens of Sussex, one feels ashamed in the face of such terrible destruction to complain of one's own garden pests and the trouble they inflict. For throughout the country this autumn what should have been miles of green and golden hop-gardens luxuriantly training their vines from pole to pole, and hanging down in grape-like clusters, till in row and vista and clump you have a scene so immensely superior to that in a French vineyard that the comparison becomes ridiculous, is one series of trails of blackened and apparently scorched plants, the leaves small and shrivelled, covered beneath with insect life, and above with the foul droppings of the plague. Instead of growing tall and luxuriant, the plants are thin and dwarfed, and in some cases never reach the tops of the poles. There is no rollicking "Here we are again" shouted vegetally from top to top as the hops join hands and swing and dance in the southern breeze, but one grim despondent look, one range of foulness that no rain can wash away, and instead of hopping time bringing plenty to the grower, and a holiday that gives health and a warmer pocket to the squalid side of London, there are gardens and gardens that will never be picked; in fact, in some the poles are being taken down and stacked, and the fields cleared for another season.

How is the mischief done? As I have said, both in hops and other plants, by the insect thrusting its proboscis into the tenderest part and sucking away at the juices till the plant is exhausted. It requires many to effect this. Certainly—but the aphides get over this difficulty without much effort; in fact, if it were not for the many checks to their production this round world would soon be one mass of insects so many inches, feet, perhaps miles thick, with no room for anything else. Now please note that I am not referring to the hop blight especially, but to the manners and customs of aphides generally. A hop-grower would cordially agree with the middy who wrote of certain savages that they had no manners, and that their customs were beastly. Certainly the customs of these insects are most abominable. You become aware upon your plants of some few pairs of tiny gauze-winged flies, so pretty and innocent-looking that, as they flit about or crawl upon a delicate stem, you would not think of crushing them, even if they were not so small that they pass almost unnoticed. Now I am not a naturalist. Time is not given to me to watch insect life in all its phases. I was not born a student with means to entomologise through life, so that I cannot tell you how young Tiny Fly lays siege to the heart of his love, the lady Tiny Fly, but that he woos and wins her I do know, and that, perhaps, having heard by rumour how notable a housewife the celebrated Dame Partlet is esteemed, Mrs. Tiny Fly imitates her to an extent that beats the example hollow, laying eggs to an unlimited extent, though she never sets. Now this is very amiable on the lady's part, and it may be due to the fact that the proper incubation is neglected that here the notable ways end, for instead of the progeny being the chicks that grow up beautiful little flies, the married couple have begun to stock their leaf world with horrible little green bloated-bodied transparent abortions, that crawl about on their six legs, and are for all the world like the wooden lemons one used to knock off the sticks at fairs. For they never marry like their respectable parents, and lay eggs, but seem, like the wooden lemons, if you opened one there would be another inside it exactly the same; another in that; another in the last, and so on, and so on, the new comers following mamma's example, and their offspring going on in the same industrious way, till in a few hours a leaf or shoot is absolutely covered with the little creatures all hard at work sucking the juices of the plants, and reproducing themselves in the most extraordinary manner. We may speak of them as mothers, but the singular fact is that there are no fathers. You watch a leaf with a magnifying glass, and there are upon it half-a-dozen green transparent insects of the most sluggish habit. In a short time each of these has a dozen or so tiny ones round it. In a short time each of these dozen or so tiny ones has a dozen or so tiny ones round it. Again a short time, and these dozen or so tiny ones have each a dozen or so tiny ones—have each a dozen or so tiny ones—have each a dozen or so tiny ones—those tiny—more—ones—

Excuse me, I am getting confused. The sum goes on increasing to such an extent, and so rapidly, that an ordinary steel pen will not compass it, unless helped by the brain of a Cambridge Mathematical professor. Believe me, then, when I tell you that you soon find yourself mixed up in such a sea of arithmetical progression that those out-of-the-way billions and trillions and quadrillions

of our arithmetic become necessary for calculation, and when this is going on in a farmer's hop garden you can easily understand how these little sap-suckers spoil all hopes of a good crop for the kiln. Only that the barley for malting seems to go almost scot free, one might be led to suppose that Sir Wilfrid Lawson was a great magician who had called up these tiny lice to destroy the brewers' hopes, rather a useless task though, unless the curse be carried into New Zealand, America, Bavaria, and the other lands that rival the hop-growers of Kent, Sussex, and Surrey.

But this is not the only evil with which the hop-growers have to contend. The weather they take as a matter of course, good and bad, and make the best of it, but then there is the hop flea, a voracious little monster that eats top shoot and tender leaf, doing incalculable mischief, and after it comes a curious little spring-heeled-jack sort of insect, looking like a little angular rather flattened toad, which can hop in a spasmodic way that in comparison to its size would leave Mark Twain's Jumping Frog of Calaveras County before it was loaded with shot—nowhere. I think I hear some reader observing that this must be the hop flea. By no means. It is a different insect, jumping like a grasshopper, but being in construction a compact, hard, wooden-looking little thing, that goes off when touched as if its vitals were steel springs.

Fortunately the hop aphid has other enemies than man. Birds eat these insects largely, but in a season when there is a glut the feather-wearers grow disgusted and replete, seek a change of diet, and, visiting the nearest orchard, destroy the fruit. A better friend of the hop grower is a curious long-shaped black crawling thing found on the under side of the leaves in company with the aphides which form a merry meal for him. This ugly black thing is the larva of our pretty little hemispherical friend of childhood the ladybird, as we called it, the "fly golding" of the Sussex labouring hand, that sturdy little scarlet beetle, with its black spotted wing cases, which suddenly seems to take it into its head that it can fly, and unfolds a pair of delicate wings that have been folded up as neatly as an umbrella of the choicest make. The larvæ of these beetles destroy immense numbers, but unfortunately a hop grower cannot be content with their services, and all this hop-growing season the fields have had to be attacked scientifically. Huge tubs and vats have had to be taken into the gardens, filled with a preparation of soft soap, water, and a strong tincture of tobacco. This powerful insecticide is bucketed out into large garden engines, and by means of these distributed in a fine spray right up each pole, so that the under sides of the hop leaves may be thoroughly soaked. It is a long and costly as well as unpleasant task; but it has to be done, and if done well, the insects are all destroyed, leaving the plants free to grow if the weather will let them, and no mildew comes to call for a distribution of sulphur in the finest dust. Say though that the soap washing has killed the aphides. What then? Oh, the probabilities are that before many weeks have passed a new generation will have seized the fresh grown leaves, and the hop farmer has to begin again. Hop-growing is a very speculative investment, for the enemies of the hop are many, and as for the insects they do not attack it upon moral grounds, but because they like the taste. Truly if the man who makes two ears of corn grow where only one grew before, be a benefactor to his species, far more so would he be who could get the last pair of aphides beneath his foot and "scrunch" them flat.

G. MANVILLE FENN



Two distinct volumes, each of exceptional interest, should be noticed together, as depicting, in a manner and to an extent never before brought before English readers, the inner life of the Polish or Bohemian Jew. The "Jews of Barnow," by Karl Emil Franzos, translated by M. W. Macdowall (1 vol.: Blackwood and Sons), is especially striking and powerful. It could not fail to be interesting, if only by reason of the freshness and the novelty of its topic; but, in addition to this, it has high dramatic quality. The gloomy superstition, the exclusiveness, the intense passion brought to bear upon all the details of life, and the picturesque surroundings and traditions which make the typical Jew of Eastern Europe the most singular and, from the outside, the most incomprehensible of human beings, are all brought out in the most impressive manner, without over-much dwelling upon mere eccentricities of custom. The author's purpose, so far as he has one, is to bring into prominence the mutual relation between Jew and Gentile where the old barriers still exist in their entirety, and often to the extent of tragedy. Perhaps the principal fault of the work is the too consistently tragic tone of all the tales comprised in it, if this can be considered a fault under the circumstances. Certainly no fault can be found with its breadth of sympathy and charity, whether it be written from within or from without the extraordinary society with which it deals. Very few works of fiction that have appeared within a long period are better worth reading, or can be found more full of human interest of the deepest kind. The translator's share in the work also deserves praise.

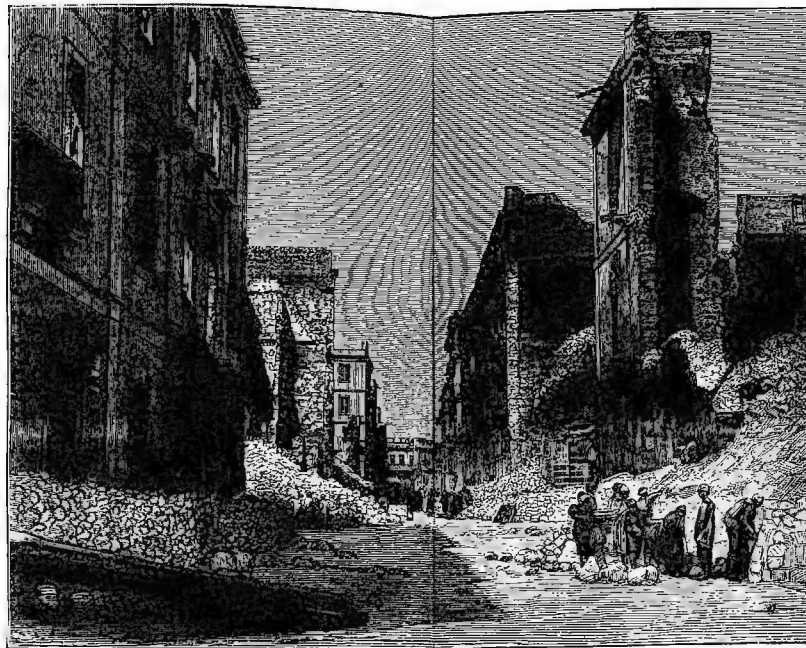
The work just noticed relates to Austrian Poland: "Scenes from the Ghetto," translated from the German of Leopold Kompert (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), are taken from Bohemia. These studies and sketches are of a lighter and brighter cast than the former, and, while of less force and insight so far as character is concerned, are fuller of outward characteristics and of peculiarities of custom. But there is a singular agreement between the two volumes in their views and judgments—an agreement which speaks strongly for their fidelity. One point brought out by Herr Kompert is a peculiar kind of simplicity, allied with enthusiasm, belonging to the Jewish nature which will strike many minds with the effect of novelty. There is nothing particularly original in his remark that "the Jew's sharpness is after all a sort of moral weapon directed against certain offences which he is either unwilling or unable to repress by physical means." But the statement becomes much more intelligible after reading the story of "The Rendar's Children," in which it occurs. Of course the life described in these volumes is yielding by degrees to the various influences from without, so that the scenes and characters here described will find another generation or two incredulous of their existence. The volumes will then be popular transcriptions of one of the most extraordinary stories of social and religious history. At present, they are admirably adapted to aid in breaking down the barriers so long maintained by both sides in Eastern Europe, and not more exclusively by the Gentile than by the Jew. Herr Kompert's work is also well translated.

"Lucrezia, and Other Tales," by Mrs. Comyns Carr (1 vol.: Remington and Co.), are the result of an obviously intimate knowledge of Italy, both in the matter of places and persons. The story of "Lucrezia" could certainly have been invented without such knowledge, and by means of a very moderate exercise of fancy, but it has the charm of colouring studied at first hand, and to a degree only attainable by those who have lived in it, and not merely travelled through it. Mrs. Carr has, previously to her collection of tales, won considerable reputation as a portrayer of Italian character and manners—things by no means so well understood or so easy to understand as is commonly supposed—and her use of her special knowledge as material for fiction opens a most welcome field for the exercise of her always graceful pen. Her stories are slight, and certainly require a little more of the dramatic in addition to

THE FRENCH CONSULATE



STATUE OF MEHEMET ALI IN THE GREAT SQUARE

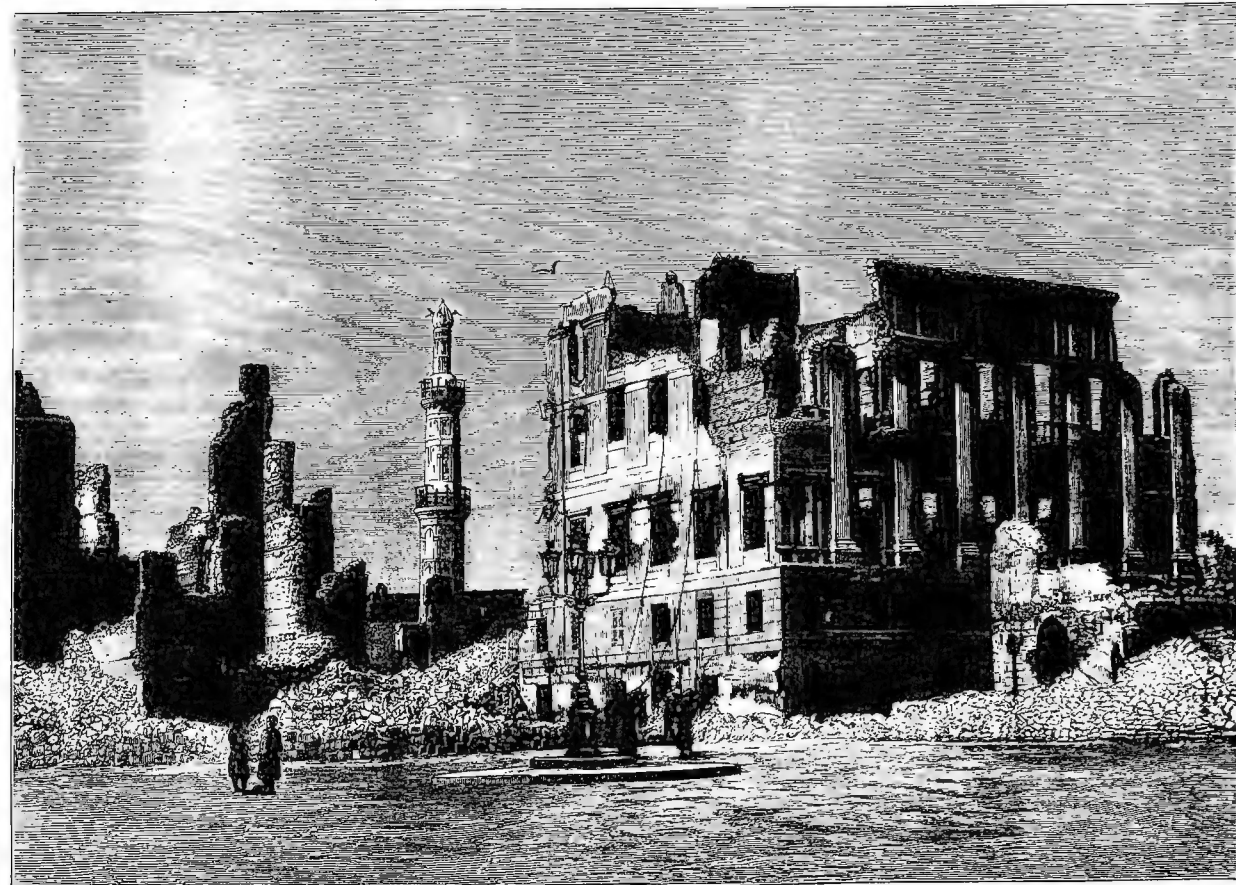


RUE SESOSTRIS

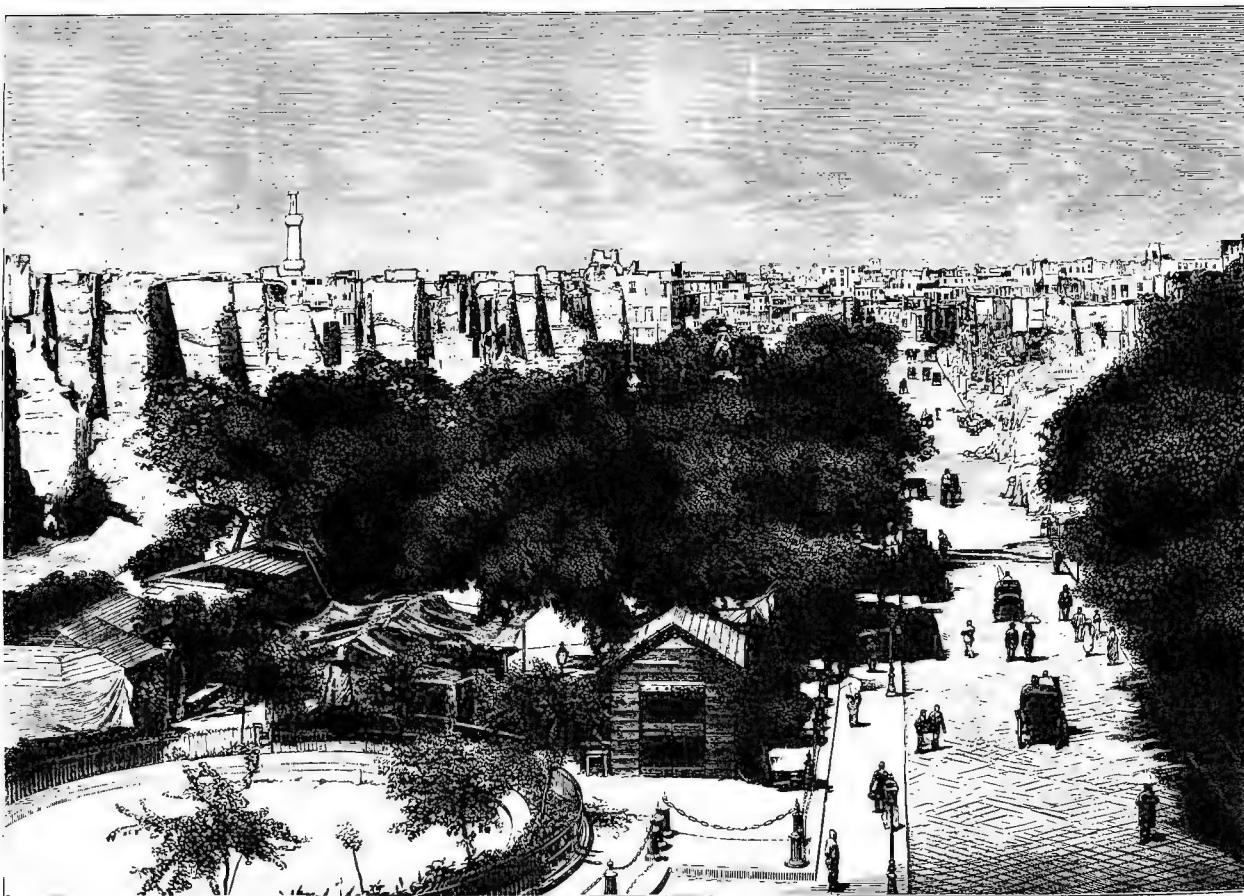


RUE DE LA BOURSE

MOSQUE OF IBRAHIM PASHA



PALACE OF IBRAHIM PASHA



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT SQUARE

ALEXANDRIA AS IT IS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT

their picturesque element. Failing this, they deserve rather to be called sketches than tales, in so far as the latter term may imply the qualities of finished pictures. As sketches, however, containing the elements of personal interest and of poetic feeling, they are excellent, and cannot fail to be read with interest and pleasure.

Another collection of Italian stories, "The Camorristi, and Other Tales," by Margaret Galletti di Cadilnac, is disappointing. The stories themselves are good enough, and fairly interesting, and, as in the case of Mrs. Carr's volume, are coloured with unquestionable personal knowledge, only of the opposite extremity, that is to say of the South, of Italy. The authoress is even versed in provincial vernacular. But this very knowledge affords a ground for complaint that she should have told us so little. English knowledge of the Camorra, that most extraordinary of social machineries for setting up a Government within a Government and a law above the law, is no longer elementary, and the title of the present work gives us a right to expect something in the nature of an introduction behind the scenes. As it is, the Camorra is introduced merely as a convenient means for working a plot, and might, with equal accuracy, have been so used by an author who possessed no more than the common amount of information. For the rest, a knowledge of the country somewhat beyond what is common should be owned by the reader for the due appreciation of these tales. The authoress assumes too much knowledge of the country and too little of the Camorra on the part of her readers. The atmosphere of the life she describes is rendered faithfully and picturesquely, and those who know the South of Italy the best will appreciate these stories the most—which alone implies very considerable praise.

OLD AND NEW HEROINES

As the novelist as well as the dramatist is supposed to hold the mirror, if not up to Nature, at least up to what passes as such in the age in which he writes, the heroes and heroines of fiction of one generation necessarily differ considerably from the heroes and heroines of another. Each age has its own ideal of what men and women ought to be, and it is to that ideal the novelist, who would be popular, has to write up rather than to his own inward convictions.

The heroes of romance have not been nearly so much influenced as the heroines by these changes in public taste, and the varying conceptions of the *homme idéal*. Truly we have a Sir Charles Grandison, and Miss Jane Porter and Charlotte Smith and several other lady writers of a century back, to say nothing of the ruck of the Minerva Press novelists, now long since forgotten, presented their contemporaries with pictures of young men of immaculate beauty and impossible virtue; Walter Scott to a certain extent took up their traditions, and consequently his heroes are the most uninteresting personages of his novels. But in all generations there have been writers who, while they boldly drew man as he is, yet, yielding to the taste of the hour, could present only a false ideal of the opposite sex. Even Henry Fielding, the Shakespeare of novelists, cannot be altogether acquitted of this weakness, while Smollett, who in "Roderick Random" and "Peregrine Pickle" has drawn the most unsophisticated portraits of the young man of his day, fell back upon the most conventional types of womanhood in Narcissa and Emilia. These authors, however, give an unconscious commentary upon the unreality of these earthly angels, by the contrast they present to the other female characters grouped around them—always excepting the *confidante*, who reflects the virtues of her angelic friend—those, as a rule, are very real, and are as far removed from the Sophias and Evelinas as earth is from heaven.

The heroine of the old novel was altogether an abnormal creature. The first essential was such perfect beauty of form and face that language was wholly inadequate to the description; the moral beauty corresponded with the charms of the person; she was the most devoted of daughters, the most tender of mistresses—the old masters of fiction always dropped the curtain upon the marriage—the most constant of friends, the most patient of sufferers, always ready to assume the crown of martyrdom on great or little occasions; her charity was as boundless as her purse was usually limited. She was always as accomplished as she was lovely and virtuous, although it must be confessed that her accomplishments did not extend to conversation, which was usually of the most amiably insipid kind; if reared in a humble station, though of course it always turned out that she was somebody's long-lost child, nature and noble blood kindly supplied all her deficiencies in artificial culture; she was a portentous letter writer, as the readers of her memoirs knew to their cost; her supply of tears was inexhaustible, and in all embarrassing situations where she might have been called upon to show some decision of character she most conveniently swooned; she seldom ate or drank, and when she did it was only a little fruit and water; indeed, she seemed to live chiefly upon the emanations of some "crystal spring," for I have often remarked, while perusing her adventures, that it was her only article of diet for several days together. She was greatly addicted to poetry, her ideas were continually arranging themselves "in the following lines," and although steeped in all the misery and misfortune that imagination could invent, she was ever ready to apostrophise "sweet Solitude," or anything else she could commence with a big O. Heroines of the more romantic school sometimes sang their verses, accompanying themselves upon their harp or lute; and how they contrived to retain these instruments amidst all the hair-breadth 'scapes, the abductions, the sudden flights which it was their destiny to undergo, was not the least remarkable circumstance of their lives. They must have clung to these solaces with as much tenacity as a modern young lady, under similar circumstances, would to her last new bonnet.

Well, I suppose they were types our novel-reading great-grandmothers would have liked to resemble, and sometimes fancied they did resemble, and the ideals that romantic young men hoped to encounter some day, and they bore about the same likeness to the real women of the time as a fashionable painter's portrait of an elderly lady of unattractive features does to the original. Take away our heroine's extraordinary adventures, bring her charms within the ordinary presentment of humanity, and what is left is the average Englishman's ideal of a perfect wife—that is, a woman not too much addicted to scolding, whose thoughts, wishes, interests, are wholly confined within her own domestic circle; not clever, not too well educated, and above all not learned; one who takes more interest in pickles and preserves than art or literature, and is always at home to look after the cook, the stockings, the shirt-buttons, and the babies. This is what the Sophias and Monimias, and Emilias, and Evelinas became after they had finished their adventures and settled down to married life; and this is the kind of wife that ninety-nine Englishmen out of every hundred prefer, even in this generation of advanced ideas, and even though they may prate about woman's mission, elevation, rights, or any other such platform subject as may bring them into notoriety.

The change from the old type of heroine to the pronounced form of the modern was very gradual. Even Sir Walter Scott, who revolutionised the novel in most respects, left the heroine pretty much as he found her. More conventional young ladies of the boarding-school ideal than he presented us with—always excepting Jeanie Deans, Di Vernon, and a few others—it would be difficult to discover, even among the creations of the Minerva Press.

Nor was Thackeray's womankind, notwithstanding his dislike to Rowena, much better. Beatrix and Becky Sharpe are striking exceptions, but the latter is not the heroine of "Vanity Fair." The author evidently intended that position for Amelia, who is as insipid

as Ethel Newcome and Laura Pendennis, whom I can never forgive for her behaviour to poor little Fanny Bolton, are disagreeable.

Of all the women of the world of romance none are more loveable than the creations of Bulwer Lytton; what delightful recollections are associated with the names of Lucy Brandon, Madeleine Lester, Volante, Lily, Ione, Sybil, Edith; what passionately loving, free souled, flesh and blood women they are, women to fondle or to worship, to live and die for, not freezing abstractions, lay figures, merely typical of all the proprieties; they were women whom men of poetic temperaments would adore, as their predecessors were women whom men of the bourgeois caste would marry; but they were of the type that all men love, women who look up to man as their natural guide and protector, and to whom life has no meaning without love. Nor must we forget Dickens, who has given us Agnes Wickfield, Ruth Pinch, Florence Dombey, and many other rare creatures, though cast in a more homely mould than the heroines of his great contemporary.

Charlotte Brontë was the first—English novelist at least—who drew the woman of the age of unrest, the woman infected with the questioning and rebellious spirit of discontent, whom tradition can no longer satisfy; but the daughter of the Haworth parson believed she was only embodying her own half vague and solitary broodings, unconscious that she was one of the advanced guard of a great revolution, of which even now we are only upon the threshold, and of which in her time the world had scarcely received a warning; although how the new ideas found their way across the Yorkshire moors is a mystery into which it would be useless to inquire, unless indeed the atmosphere at certain times becomes charged with the germs of moral as well as of physical epidemics. Jane Eyre was a revelation, a new type of womanhood with whom thousands of her sex found secret sympathies: hence the success of the novel.

But it was reserved for a grander, more cultured, and comprehensive genius, whose meditations had been objective as well as subjective, who had lived in the great world and knew mankind with almost Shakespearian intuition, to develop the fullest meaning of this new problem. Romola, Maggie Tulliver, Dorothea, Gwendolen, are all different phases of the new idea, of woman struggling to cast off the fetters of tradition, to rise out of the common-place into a nobler world of thought and action, and finding only misery and Dead Sea fruit. Conventionality was too strong for them, it crushed them as it crushes all who attempt to rebel against its laws.

If Jane Eyre and Villette had set many a pulse throbbing with quickened sympathies, George Eliot's heroines appealed to a far wider range of womanhood. They embodied every aspect of its vague, intangible yearning and discontent, felt but not understood, and voiceless until then. All that was great and lofty and worthy in the new ideas George Eliot interpreted; but how many were there who could claim no kindred with Romola, or Dorothea, or Maggie? For the spirit of unrest does not confine itself to poetic natures—it descends upon much more ordinary people, of the mere fleshly race; these found in "Ouida" and Rhoda Broughton the diviners of their longings, caprices, and life weariness which until then had been dumb confusion. They are the prophets of the time, but they will pass away with the spirit that inspired them.

The disagreeable, uncomfortable, self-torturing, strong-minded yet vague, self-dependent but capricious, self-analysing but unreasonable, morbid and generally unhealthy young person, who sustains the principal rôle in the ladies' novels of the day, is so well known that it would be superfluous to sketch her portrait.

I may remark, by way of conclusion, upon the curious fact that in an age which prides itself upon its superior moral tone, in which Thackeray could complain with justice that it was no longer possible for a novelist to draw a man, in which delicacy of expression is fast degenerating into fastidious prudery, that the heroines whom some of our most popular novelists delight to draw conduct themselves with a laxity of conduct, a disregard to the proprieties, and not unfrequently to the Seventh Commandment, that would have shocked the readers of a generation whose corruption of manners we are perpetually censuring. The heroines of the old novel might be surrounded by characters, male and female, depicted with a breadth and freedom it would be now impossible to reproduce, but their coarseness was not veiled and toned down, and made to look like something else. It disgusted, it did not attract, and the young lady, who was the author's ideal, the model he set forth for imitation, was all purity and propriety; nowadays she is very often the reverse. We have finical delicacy of language, but reprehensible grossness of character. There is something very suggestive in this, "if philosophy could only find it out."

H. BARTON BAKER



MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND Co.—After a lapse of twelve months (Part XIV. was published September, 1881), "A Dictionary of Musicians" has again appeared, this time with a double number, Parts XV. and XVI., but without a word of explanation of the long pause in the publication of this valuable work of reference. From "Schoberlechner" to "Sketches" is the extent of this volume, of which fifty-two pages are devoted to a very learned and exhaustive article on "Schools of Composition," by "W. S. R.," whose name, by the way, is omitted from the list of contributors. Among facts not generally known is that "These schools naturally arrange themselves into two distinct classes: the first of which includes the polyphonic composers of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, written for voices alone; the second, those of composers of later date, written for voices alone, or for voices supported by instrumental accompaniments. The critical year 1600 separates the two classes so distinctly that it may fairly be said to have witnessed the destruction of the one and the birth of the other. Class I., 'The Polyphonic School,' is subdivided into seventeen parts; Class II., 'The Monodic, Dramatic, and Instrumental Schools,' are subdivided into thirty-five schools." This is one of the most learned, and at the same time most interesting of the numerous clever articles which have appeared in this Dictionary. The other subjects of special interest are "Schubert," a sad tale of struggling genius, unappreciated until after death, written by the Editor. From the same pen, "Schumann," a highly-interesting article; and a clever paper, "Singing," by H. C. Deacon, Esq.

MESSRS. MORLEY AND Co.—"The Outpost," written and composed by E. Oxenford and Ciro Pinsuti, ought to take first rank in the popular songs of the coming winter; there is a truly martial ring in it. Published in three keys, B, C, and D, this song may be sung by any male voice.—"In the Heart of London Town" is one of Mary Mark Lemon's simple and pathetic poems wedded to a plaintive melody by Ciro Pinsuti; the compass is from C to E. This song is exactly suited for school teaching and young singers.—By the same *collaborateurs* is "Two Wings," which is equally suited for young students as is the first-named song; it is published in three keys, C, D, and F. Both these songs are worthy of being learnt by heart.—A lively contrast to the above is "The Merry Old Maid," music by Louis Diehl, words by Henry Lloyd; it is very sparkling and merry, likely to take the place of songs of a similar kind so popular last winter.—A touching and melancholy song, the history of two little waifs, is "The New Kingdom," written and composed

by Mary Mark Lemon and Berthold Tours, published in three keys. This objectionable practice is steadily on the increase, and the result is that no singer can make a song his or her own. This system must ultimately lead to the abolition of royalties.—"Unsaid," a very sentimental poem by Julia Arkwright, has been set to a pleasing melody by Jacques Blumenthal; it is well suited for a light tenor voice, but is published in three keys.—The song which has already made its mark, and will undoubtedly be the favourite of the season, is "The Victoria Cross" (the Gunner's story), written and composed by Alfred J. Caldicott, founded on a brave deed recorded in the *Telegraph* of July 13th, 1882. It is safe to take well when ever and wherever it is sung.—By the same composer is "Uncle," a touching little ditty; surely the "crusty old bachelor uncle" might make a match with the disappointed but loveable old maiden "Auntie," and so end their days happily together.—Again we come upon a melancholy but very charming song, "Sun and Shadow," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by A. J. Caldicott, published in C and D; it reminds us of the passing away of youth and its pleasures.—"Tell Tales" is a bright and easy vocal duet for ladies' voices, written and composed by A. J. Caldicott. It is suitable for a Penny Reading.—"Dame Margery," a rondo gavotte for the pianoforte, by G. J. Rubini, is moderately easy, and well worth the trouble of learning by heart.—Odoardo Barri has come to the fore with an easy and inspiring pianoforte piece, "The March of the Old Brigade."

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

FROM the preface to "Cædmon's Vision, and Other Poems," by Sarson E. J. Ingham (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.), it would seem that the author is inclined to doubt the spontaneity of great poets as opposed to writers of his own class, but we have failed to discover any evidence of such a gift in the present volume. The pieces were hardly worth reprinting from the magazines in which they first appeared, either for their matter or their manner. Mr. Ingham has satisfied himself that the brute creation have no chance of a hereafter, and is equally dogmatic upon some other points; but we should advise him another time to consult authorities before venturing upon Hebrew, Latin, or what he is pleased to call the "Gallic" language. The terminal given in "Sabbatim" may pass muster as a plural of magnitude, which is more than can be said for such a form as "stigmatæ," or for the accentuation of both words on the penultimate, whilst "cruiskeen lawn" is not, in itself, the name for a drinking cup. Most of the pieces have a more or less directly religious tendency, which must exempt them from more minute criticism.

"The Vision of Esther," by Charles De Kay (Sampson Low), is a sequel to the same author's romance about Nimrod, which we remember to have met with some time ago, and the public is threatened with a further instalment. The author greatly affects feminine rhymes, and shows some ingenuity in their use, otherwise there is little to commend. The two Persian explorers, Ali and Gourred, start out to spend the evening with Nimrod's ghost, though we should have thought one interview with such a bore would have been enough; they are joined by a Kadi, a Jew usurer, and a dervish of a benevolent turn, but addicted to petty larceny, and the whole party are surprised by the phantom of their expected entertainer's queen, who, with the relentlessness of another Ancient Mariner, though without his charm, compels them to hear the unedifying history of her life. Queen Esther seems to have rivalled Jezebel in painting and other weaknesses, and to have been addicted to the lavish use of patchouli or some kindred abomination; but to do her justice she was not without some misgivings as to her hearers' long suffering, for she says in one place,

Forgive me, ye who lend your patient ears
To monologue that never seems to finish—

a most necessary apology, seeing that the party had already sat up all night to listen to the lady, and had only got through ten books of her recital! Still she was instructive if not amusing, and her views on the origin of colour in races are at least novel, as is her account of chess in Babylon; besides which we learn that she knew the Pantheon of Olympus under their Latin names. No wonder that Gourred seized the opportunity of escaping in a casual coin, the only surprise is that she was not actually ready, from sheer exhaustion, for its legitimate occupation.

Messrs. F. Warne and Co. have published a handsome one-volume edition of "The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow," containing the poet's latest work, and revised in accordance with his last emendations. The same firm publish two pretty little volumes of the well-known type, entitled "The Shakespeare Birthday Book" and "The Longfellow Birthday Book," each with a diary for memoranda.

We have also to notice the second volume of Messrs. C. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.'s "Parchment Library" edition of Shakespeare, containing *The Comedy of Errors*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

BUT—

He and She, on nothing bent,
Met one day by accident;
Bantered, till it came about
She at last was quite put out.
Said she could not, would not stay,
To be teased in such a way;

But—but—

Would you be surprised to know
That she never turned to go?

He was poor, and so was she;
Had no prospects certainly;
He made love to all he met,
She was, too, a sad coquette.
She had broken hearts by dozens,
He'd a score of love-sick cousins;

But—but—

Would you be surprised to hear
They were married in a year?

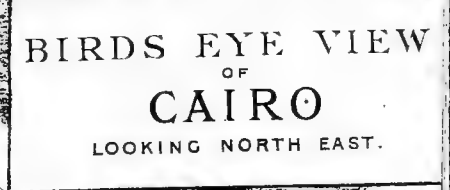
He loves land and she the sea,
He the town, the country she;
She on music deeply dotes,
He detests the name of notes.
'Tis a sad but true assertion,
What she loves is his aversion;

But—but—

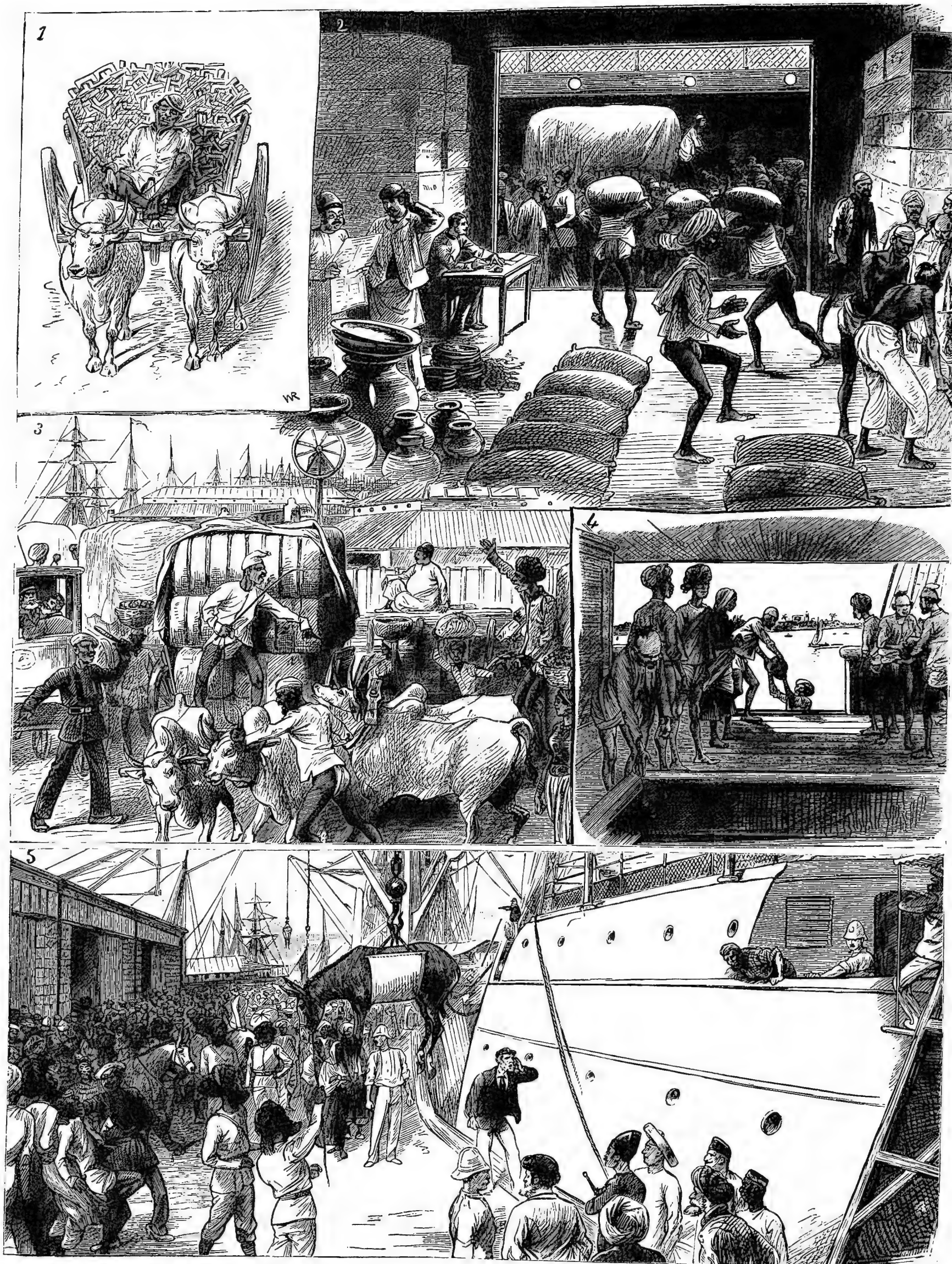
Would you be surprised to see
They jog together splendidly?

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA are gradually changing their share. Thus the Horseshoe Falls in particular have lost the regular outline which suggested their name, for the brink has worn away so sharply at two points that the falls now resemble the letter W. Of late, also, this part of the cataract repeatedly throws up huge jets of water, which sometimes fall back in straight columns over the brink, and at others bend over towards the Canadian shore in the shape of an arch. Accordingly the villagers have re-christened the Fall the "Spouting Horseshoe."

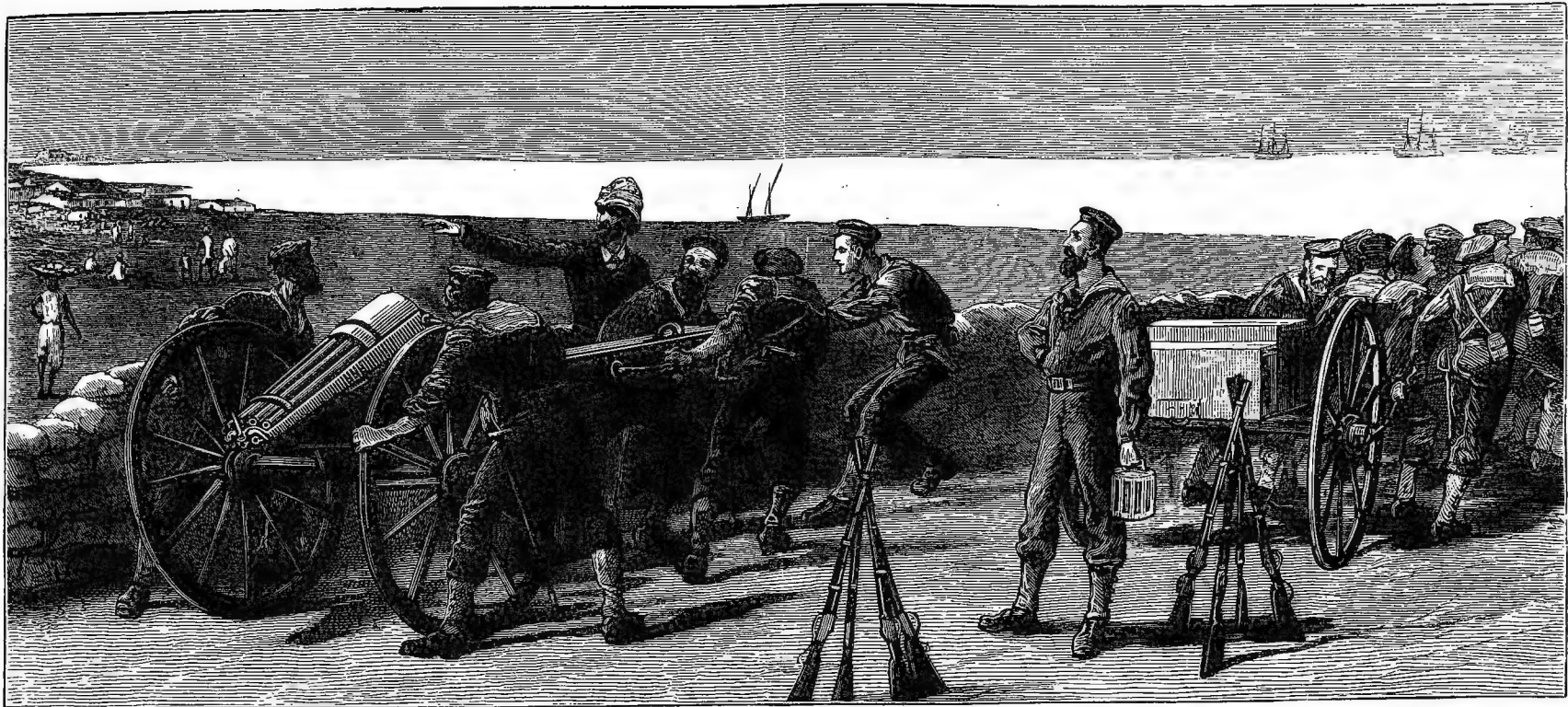


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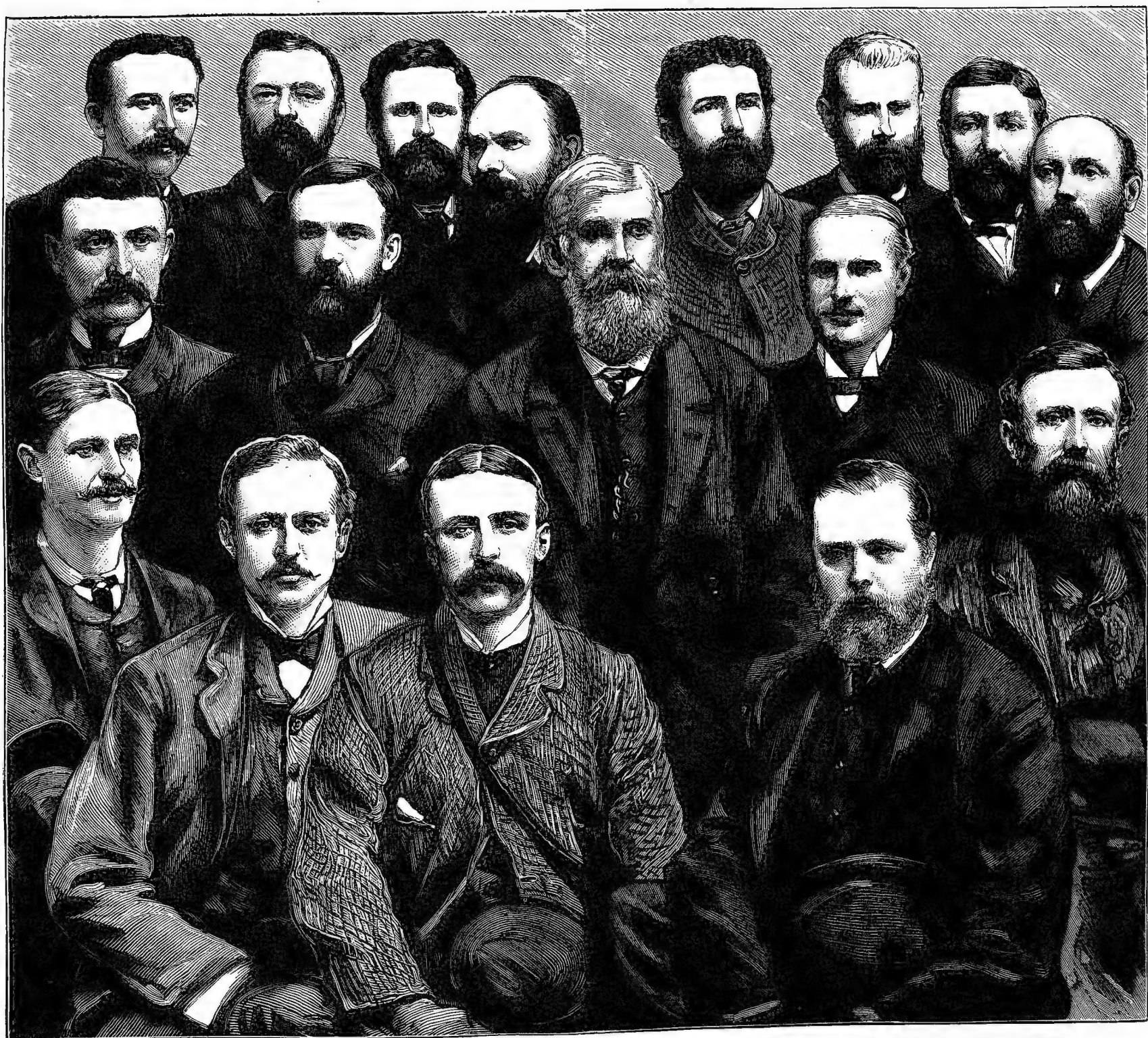


1. "Imperative Orders were Issued to Despatch Stores with all Possible Expedition."—2. In the Commissariat Store-Shed.—3. At Prince's Dock Gates.—4. Coolies Loading a Steamer with Ballast.—5. Shipment of Mules for a Mounted Battery at Prince's Dock.

THE WAR IN EGYPT—NOTES AT BOMBAY: PREPARING FOR THE DEPARTURE OF THE INDIAN CONTINGENT



THE WAR IN EGYPT—PLACING A GATLING GUN IN FORT ROYAL, PORT SAID, TO COMMAND THE APPROACH FROM THE ARAB TOWN
FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER



THE ANGLO-AMERICAN RIFLE CONTEST AT CREEDMOOR, U.S.A.—THE BRITISH TEAM
See Key on page 294



THE CAMPAIGN IN EGYPT.—The war is victoriously ended within two months of the bombardment of Alexandria. Arabi once a prisoner, his followers have melted away with amazing rapidity, and even the resistance foreshadowed for a short time at Damietta speedily gave way to more prudent considerations. Thus the Egyptians in general, discreetly siding with the winners, are effusively friendly to the British, and vehemently abuse "that pig of an Arabi." The rebels were allowed no time to weigh the effects of their defeat at Tel-el-Kebir. Though the main body of the British forces enjoyed a day's repose—so complete was the victory—the cavalry under General Drury-Lowe gallantly pressed forward, and after a trying march to Belbeis, where they took a short rest at night, reached Cairo on the 14th inst. Nor were they a moment too soon. Deceived by the false reports of Egyptian successes, the populace were most excited, and rushed to the station expecting to meet Arabi returning in triumph, bringing the Khédive, Sir G. Wolsley, and the British chiefs as prisoners, together with Sir Beauchamp Seymour's head. Arabi, however, came back a defeated fugitive, and the enraged Cairenes hissed and stoned their former idol, and prepared to burn the city. Fortunately, the arrival of the British cavalry turned the current. The Egyptian commandant at once surrendered, and when the British troops occupied the citadel 10,000 native soldiers laid down their arms and dispersed homewards. Making a virtue of necessity, Arabi also gave himself up without any demur, and when brought by the Governor to General Lowe tried to justify his conduct. The General would not hear him, however, and Arabi and Toulba were confined under a strict guard, the rebel leader maintaining a very dignified attitude. One by one his chief accomplices have been caught in various parts of the country, and now await their trial, which will be conducted in fair European style, the accused being allowed the assistance of counsel. With a few exceptions the Cairenes warmly received the British, and happily, notwithstanding the popular agitation of the past few weeks, none of the Europeans have been injured, while Midshipman De Chair is safe. Shortly after came Sir Garnet Wolsley and the Duke of Connaught, and strong detachments of British troops have since poured into the town, where the natives follow them about with open-mouthed astonishment. Most of the Egyptian Government officials have returned to the capital, the shops are reopening, and business is being resumed. The Khédive is expected with Sir E. Malet on Monday, and the inhabitants loudly declare their delight that the war is ended, as they derived no advantage from the rebellion, but were constantly mulcted in war contributions. At present there seems no reason to distrust the people, particularly as the British are gathered at Cairo in considerable strength; but a grand review will shortly be held to further impress the natives. Still discontent prevails in several of the Arab quarters, and a procession in favour of Arabi recently paraded the streets. The British Commander has now issued a general order congratulating the army on their success, and acknowledging the bravery and zeal shown alike by officers and men.

Equal rejoicing has ostentatiously prevailed at Alexandria. With the true time-serving spirit of Orientals, the Arabs have crowded to the Khédive's Palace to congratulate him, while Arabi's sub-Minister of War, Yakoub Sami, and other notorious rebels, have come in, expressing their loyalty. The Khédive, however, hands all prisoners over to the British, and has issued a brief decree dissolving the Egyptian army, and stating that rebel officers of all ranks will be prosecuted and punished according to military law. Accordingly, all officers who have surrendered with the northern garrisons are kept prisoners in Alexandria, while the men are allowed to go off to their usual avocations. Directly after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir the commander at Kafr-Dowar sent an offer to surrender unconditionally, and General Wood went out to the lines to hold a parley, meeting there with the Italian officer Paolucci, who had deserted from his vessel to join Arabi. Many of the Egyptian soldiers, however, did not wait for the decision, but left their arms and accoutrements in their officers' charge, and walked off. Thus, when General Wood went to take possession, he found the majority of the rebels gone, as only some 6,000 remained in the furthest lines. A closer examination of Kafr-Dowar showed that position to be enormously strong. There were three distinct camps, the foremost earthworks being thirty feet high, and protected by a broad moat. The Arabists seemed vastly proud of these defences, and showed them to the British with great glee, apparently feeling no shame in their defeat. As part of this force had escaped him, General Wood took care that the other garrisons should surrender formally, and the troops from Mariout, near Mex, who shortly came in, laid down their arms with great solemnity, and seemed to feel their humiliation. Some 6,000 of the Aboukir detachment followed suit, but one regiment deserted to join the rebel Colonel Abdellal, at Damietta, where he had a strong force of the formidable black regiments. For two or three days Abdellal held out, but at last sent a messenger to the Khédive, declaring that he had never intended to oppose him, and was ready to surrender. The Rosetta garrison has also come in, so that Fort Ghemileh near Port Said is the only place which now holds out. An ultimatum has been sent to the commander, and two British vessels have gone to bombard the fort in case of refusal. Many of the natives have been set to work to repair the railways, while the dams in the Mahmoudieh Canal have been demolished, and Alexandria has once more plenty of water. Owing, however, to the cutting of the Mex dykes to flood Lake Mareotis, the sea has got into the Canal, and the water is brackish, so that the Mex cutting must be closed again. The forts vacated by the Arabists have been carefully garrisoned, and General Wood will now take some of his men to Cairo, leaving a sufficient force under General Harman to guard Alexandria.

Some remnants of the rebellion still linger in the country, particularly at Kafr-Zayat, midway between Alexandria and Cairo, where the populace tried to seize the Christians passing through by train. Again, several Christians were murdered at Damanhour, and some houses looted. Slight disturbances also occurred at Mansourah, through some loyal inhabitants illuminating at the news of the Tel-el-Kebir victory, but quiet is now restored, while fanatical Tintah has been occupied, thus putting an end to all fears in this direction. Part of the Indian cavalry remain at Zagazig, where they seized five trains—valuable booty in the present state of transport; and a British force holds Tel-el-Kebir. Although even yet the cost of that victory cannot accurately be counted, owing to the scattered condition of the British troops, our loss is at present estimated at 9 officers and 45 men killed, and 22 officers and 320 men wounded. Most of the latter have been taken to the Ismailia Hospital and the Carthage hospital ship, where good nurses and medical supplies are plentiful, but several of the cases are very critical, and a few have since died. Short as the struggle was, there was some very sharp fighting, and the Cameron Highlanders in particular suffered greatly. The Egyptian loss is said to reach over 1,500. Meanwhile the Bedouins have vanished like smoke, and the natives are eagerly setting to work in the fields to save their cotton crop, while from all accounts the state of the country is far better than expected. The Nile is fairly favourable, and although the cotton crop will be somewhat short, the deficiency is due more to worms than to lack of attention or irrigation. It is unfortunate that most of the Egyptians have a

very hazy idea of the British successes, and are inclined to ascribe them to the influence of the Sultan.

TURKEY, indeed, is grievously disappointed that such should not be the case, particularly as now the protracted negotiations for the Convention are virtually useless. Disputed point by point, the Convention was nearly signed last Friday, but fresh difficulties arose, and shortly after Lord Dufferin asked the Porte whether, as part of the British troops would now be withdrawn from Egypt, it was worth Turkey's while to send a contingent. He then followed up his suggestion by a formal communication that England no longer considered a Convention necessary, as military operations in Egypt were practically terminated. This decision, however, adds the Ambassador, will not affect the friendship between the two countries, whose interests in Egypt are identical. Nor is the Grecian difficulty more satisfactory. The Greek Minister steadily refuses to accept the Turkish propositions, and the Foreign Ambassadors at Constantinople have now taken up the matter.

Foreign opinion on the conclusion of the war is universally biased by suspicion of England's future action in Egypt. Most countries fear lest England should presume on the position she has won, and should reap advantages in the East to the detriment of those nations who have held aloof. Perhaps AUSTRIA is the most honourable in her opinions, awarding unstinted praise to the military operations, and expressing belief in British good faith and judgment. GERMANY is less generous, not caring about the strategical successes of any but Teutonic commanders. Still, as a whole, the comments are fairly friendly, save amongst a certain portion of the Press which has opposed England throughout. RUSSIA is as reticent as usual, though watching with anxiety; while ITALY and SPAIN are furious at being obliged to eat their own words, and spitefully hint at a golden key as the source of victory. INDIA is particularly delighted at the important part played by her troops; and the UNITED STATES, free from the conflicting interests of European countries, offers cordial congratulations. FRANCE is filled with nervous dread lest England should become the preponderating influence in Egypt, and leave her out in the cold, so that lengthy exhortations towards disinterestedness and national honesty are poured forth on all sides. While the Gambettists plead for the re-establishment of the Anglo-French Control, and M. Charnès, in the *Débat*, more honestly acknowledges the conqueror's right to a supreme voice, and suggests a gendarmerie officered by the British, the majority of the Press are anxious that England should at once give up the definitive arrangement of affairs to the joint deliberation of Europe. Here again come hints of bribery from the Anglophobists, but altogether a fairly moderate and reasonable tone prevails.

This all-important subject has so completely absorbed attention in FRANCE that home affairs have rarely been so dull. Not even a languid interest can be aroused either in the coming Royalist manifestation on the Comte de Chambord's birthday, Oct. 15, when an elaborate series of banquets will be organised in Paris and the provinces, or in the important military manoeuvres near Avignon, which show a vast improvement in the condition of the French army. Foreign trade during the first part of this year has been favourable, although the exports might be larger, and enlarged ports and new railways are absolutely necessary for French success in competition with other nations. The improvement of one harbour—Boulogne—is actively proceeding, and the port will probably be available for fixed passenger service next year, while the town is being freshly drained. PARIS is still affected by the typhoid epidemic, and has been greatly excited over a new drama at the Français, *Les Corbeaux*, by M. Becque, which though clever failed through the author's pessimist views and the lugubrious plot.

GERMANY.—Emperor William has been entertained at Dresden during the Saxon manoeuvres with elaborate festivities. Besides attending the five days' military operations, which were brilliantly executed, he was present at a popular costume festival, where he lunched with the Grenadiers in a magnificent hut used by the Turkish Vizier during the siege of Vienna. Other features of the festivities were a sixteenth-century hunt and a camp of Hungarian gypsies. The Emperor has now gone back to Babelsberg, where the King of Denmark is expected to consult respecting the proposed amicable arrangement of the Brunswick succession with the Duke of Cumberland. Thus public interest is now transferred from warlike to political manoeuvres, and all parties are gathering their strength for the electoral struggle. Prince Bismarck, who still suffers grievously from neuralgia, warns the public against Free Traders; and declares that if he were a private gentleman he would use his influence on behalf of the Free Conservatives and Old Conservatives. Meanwhile the Socialists have lost one of their chief leaders, Bebel, who has died at Zwickau.

The Anti-Semitic Congress at Dresden has closed after a most exciting session, deciding to petition the European Governments to take identical measures against the predominance of Jewish influence. A resolution was also passed to exempt Jews from military service, with the substitution of a poll-tax.

RUSSIA.—Once more a date is rumoured for the Czar's coronation, October 10; although no official announcement has been made. However, the Czar and Czarina have gone to Moscow, travelling by night, amidst elaborate precautions. Thirty thousand soldiers guarded the line, and all private telegraphic service and railway traffic were suspended. On their arrival the Imperial pair were loudly cheered by enormous crowds, and went first to the Chapel of the Georgian Virgin, and next to the Kremlin, where they received deputations of the Estates of the Empire. Afterwards they drove about the city, and the Czar is said to have been deeply moved by his people's enthusiasm.—The Russian engineer M. Lessar, who has been surveying the new Trans-Caspian territory, has reached Merv, where he was warmly received by the Khan. He considers the most feasible railway route to be from Askabad through Khombou to Herat.

AUSTRIA.—Trieste has done her best to efface the impression of the recent Irredentist riots by enthusiastically welcoming the Emperor and his family. Unfortunately the Irredentists took the opportunity to arrange a plot against the Emperor's life, which was fortunately frustrated in time. Two suspicious individuals having crossed the frontier, the police made a descent on them at Ronchi, and seized one of the men, together with two Orsini bombs, which were to have been taken to Trieste at nightfall. Accordingly, the Triestines have warmly expressed their loyalty, the town has been thronged, and illuminations, gala performances, reviews, banquets, and addresses have fully occupied the Imperial party. The chief object of the visit, however, was to celebrate the 500th anniversary of the union of Trieste and Austria, and to inspect the Exhibition, which, unluckily, was greatly damaged by a fierce storm just before the Emperor's arrival. Part of the building was unroofed, and the exhibits were severely injured—particularly the collection brought by the Crown Prince from the East, while a man was killed in endeavouring to repair the electric light apparatus. Owing to the continuous rain also inundations have done serious harm in the Tyrol, where a large part of the country is completely submerged. Affairs are said to be worse than in 1868, as the rivers have overflowed on all sides, Trent is entirely under water, and traffic is completely suspended in many districts.

INDIA.—The educational excitement continues very high, and the Government Commission has been enthusiastically received at Poona, where there is a great agitation for female instruction. Over 300 native Brahman ladies held a meeting to petition the Government for help, and on the Commission's persuasion the Municipality agreed to assist the girls' schools. One of the chief native leaders of this movement is a young Mahratta lady of twenty-

four.—The trials of the rioters in the recent disturbances at Salem will shortly be held at Madras, but, as both Hindoos and Mussulmans are very disturbed, the gaol will be strictly guarded. The Mahomedans are now raising funds for a new mosque, while the Hindoos are decidedly bitter against the English, one respectable native telling a European that the English cemetery at Salem will soon be full, and adding that when the Hindoos make up their minds to rise they will sweep the Europeans off the country like dust. It is hoped that the British successes in Egypt will, however, produce a considerable effect on the native mind. A loan of 2½ millions sterling is to be raised for the expense of the Indian Contingent.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY serious floods have occurred in Lombardy and Venetia.—In ICELAND the continuous cold rain and snow have prevented the hay from being carried, or the fishing prosecuted, while much disease prevails.—In HOLLAND the King has opened the States-General with the proposition that part of the Constitution should be revised and a new Penal Code introduced.—The breach between the King of SWEDEN and his Norwegian subjects has been widened by the recent elections; while DENMARK was more fortunate in her electoral contest, the Ministerial party being greatly strengthened. The UNITED STATES have been warmly greeting Engineer Melville, of the unfortunate *Jeannette* expedition, but Mr. Melville's return has been saddened by his wife going mad, owing to her long suspense, and by meeting the widow and father of Lieut. De Long.—A terrible disaster has occurred on Lake Huron, where the steamer *Asia* has foundered in a gale, only two persons surviving out of the 100 on board.



The chief members of the Royal Family are now assembled in the Highlands. Thus the Queen has with her at Balmoral the Princess Beatrice, the Duchess of Connaught, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany, while the Prince and Princess of Wales are at Abergeldie with their family and the King and Queen of Greece. On Saturday the Duke of Albany drove over to Abergeldie to receive the Prince and Princess of Wales, and remained to luncheon, while in the afternoon the Prince and Princess with their five children and the King and Queen of Greece came to Balmoral to see the Queen. Next morning Divine Service was performed at Balmoral before Her Majesty, the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Beatrice, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany, when the Rev. A. Campbell officiated, while on Monday morning the Queen, with the Princesses and the Duke of Albany, went to Abergeldie to see the Princess of Wales and the Queen of Greece. Next day Her Majesty visited the Countess of Kenmare at Abergeldie Mains, and the Marquis of Hamilton and the Earl of Kenmare joined the Royal party at dinner. Sir W. Harcourt is at Balmoral as Minister in Attendance, and frequently joins the Royal party at dinner.—The Queen has been deeply grieved by the death of the Dean of Windsor, who was Domestic Chaplain to Her Majesty for thirty-three years, and was much beloved by the Queen and Royal Family.—According to a French contemporary Her Majesty may possibly visit the South of France again this winter, when the Queen would stay at the Villa Ellenloc, Cap d'Antibes.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were received with great enthusiasm during their journey North last Saturday. A large crowd assembled at Aberdeen to cheer the travellers, while at Ballater there was another large assemblage and a guard of honour from the 79th Regiment, who gave a Royal salute as the Prince and Princess, with their children and guests, drove off to Abergeldie. On Sunday afternoon the Prince and Princess, accompanied by the King and Queen of Greece and the young Princes and Princesses, attended Divine Service at Crathie Church. Next day the Prince, with his two sons and the King of Greece, went for a deer drive in the Birkhall Forest, where the Princess of Wales and the Queen of Greece joined the sportsmen at luncheon. On Wednesday the Royal party went to see the Earl of Fife at Mar Lodge, where they lunched, and afterwards drove to the Falls of Quoich to hold a tea-picnic. They occupied three waggons, the Prince of Wales himself driving. The Prince will attend the funeral of the Dean of Windsor at Strathfieldsaye. The Prince and Princess will stay about a fortnight longer at Abergeldie, and will then go to Sandringham for the autumn.

The Duke of Connaught has gone with the Guards to Cairo, where he occupies the Kasr-en-Nuskha Palace, at the Khédive's invitation. The Duke does not wish to leave Egypt until he can return with his brigade, when probably the Duchess may meet him in the Mediterranean in the *Osborne*. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh will, perhaps, accompany their sister-in-law.—The Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne spent three days at San Francisco, where they received various addresses from the British residents and several Societies. They left for British Columbia on Saturday in the British corvette *Comus*, being accompanied down the Bay by the U.S. steamer *Macpherson* and the Yacht Squadron. Before starting the captain of the *Comus* was anonymously informed that the vessel would be blown up by a torpedo as soon as the Royal party embarked, so the *Comus* was carefully searched. Nothing suspicious, however, was found. On reaching Victoria on Wednesday the Viceroyal party were received with great enthusiasm, triumphal arches being erected, and the town decorated. They stay at Government House.—Prince and Princess Christian are at Potsdam.

The Empress of Germany continues to suffer from her recent fall, as though her foot is getting well she is still obliged to lie down for the greater part of the day. When sufficiently convalescent the Empress will probably go to Baden-Baden.—The ex-Empress Eugénie is at Vienna, whence she goes to Styria to inspect the Castle of Wasserberg, which she proposes to buy.



THE IMPROVEMENT IN THE HEALTH OF THE PRIMATE has scarcely been maintained. The latest bulletins report increase of feverishness, and Dr. Carpenter, we notice, again finds it advisable to remain at Addington Park for the night. Miss Taft, the Archbishop's eldest daughter, who had been very ill from watching and exhaustion, has now almost entirely recovered.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE PRIMATE'S ILLNESS the Archbishop of York has addressed, at his request, a letter to the Bishops of both Provinces, inviting them "to direct that next Sunday shall be observed as a day of thanksgiving in all churches and chapels" for the success of our Army in Egypt. "As the time is short," he further "appends a suggested form of service which might be used." Thanksgivings were offered last Sunday at Chichester, Windsor, and other towns, and sermons were preached upon the same subject by the Bishops of Hereford and Truro. By order of the Chief

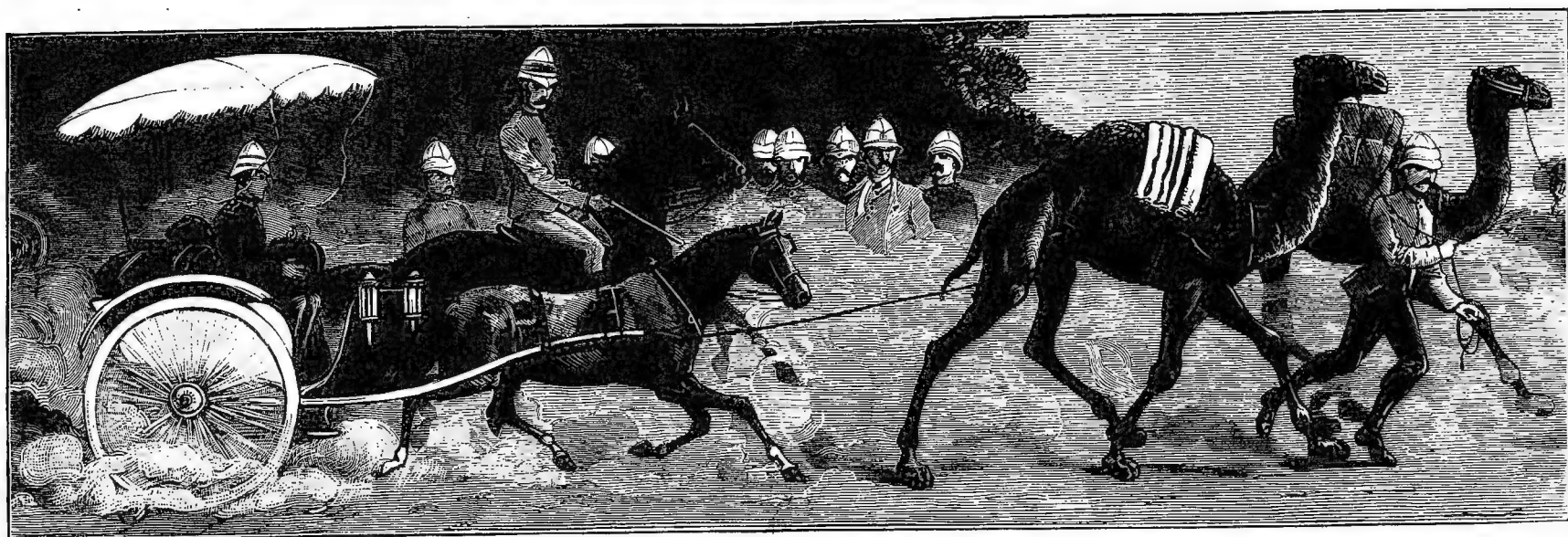
A dramatised version of the late Major Whyte-Melville's novel, entitled *Black but Comely*, produced at the Gaiety Theatre on Saturday afternoon, is the work of Miss Stephanie Forrester, who plays in her own piece the part of the gipsy heroine. Unfortunately the delicate spirit of the original shows a decided tendency to evaporate on the stage. On the other hand the melodramatic elements of the story stand forth in unrelieved prominence; while the necessity for bringing events that are separated by intervals of time into close juxtaposition tends to render absurd a good deal that in the story is easily passed over. Miss Forrester's powers as an actress are, we regret to say, hardly more satisfactory. The wayward, impulsive, charming gipsy girl becomes in her hands a



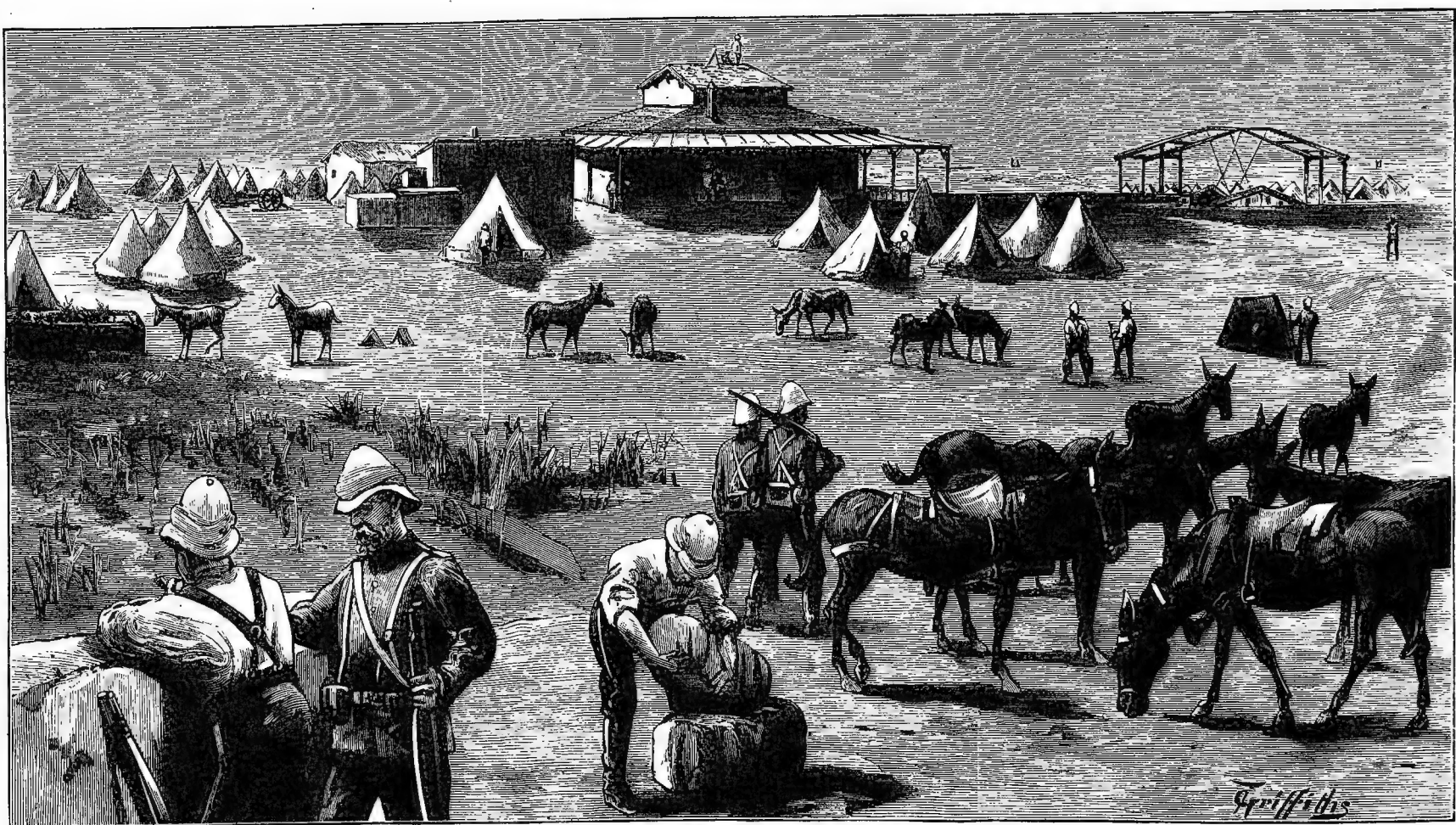
EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, D.D.
Died Sept. 16, aged 82



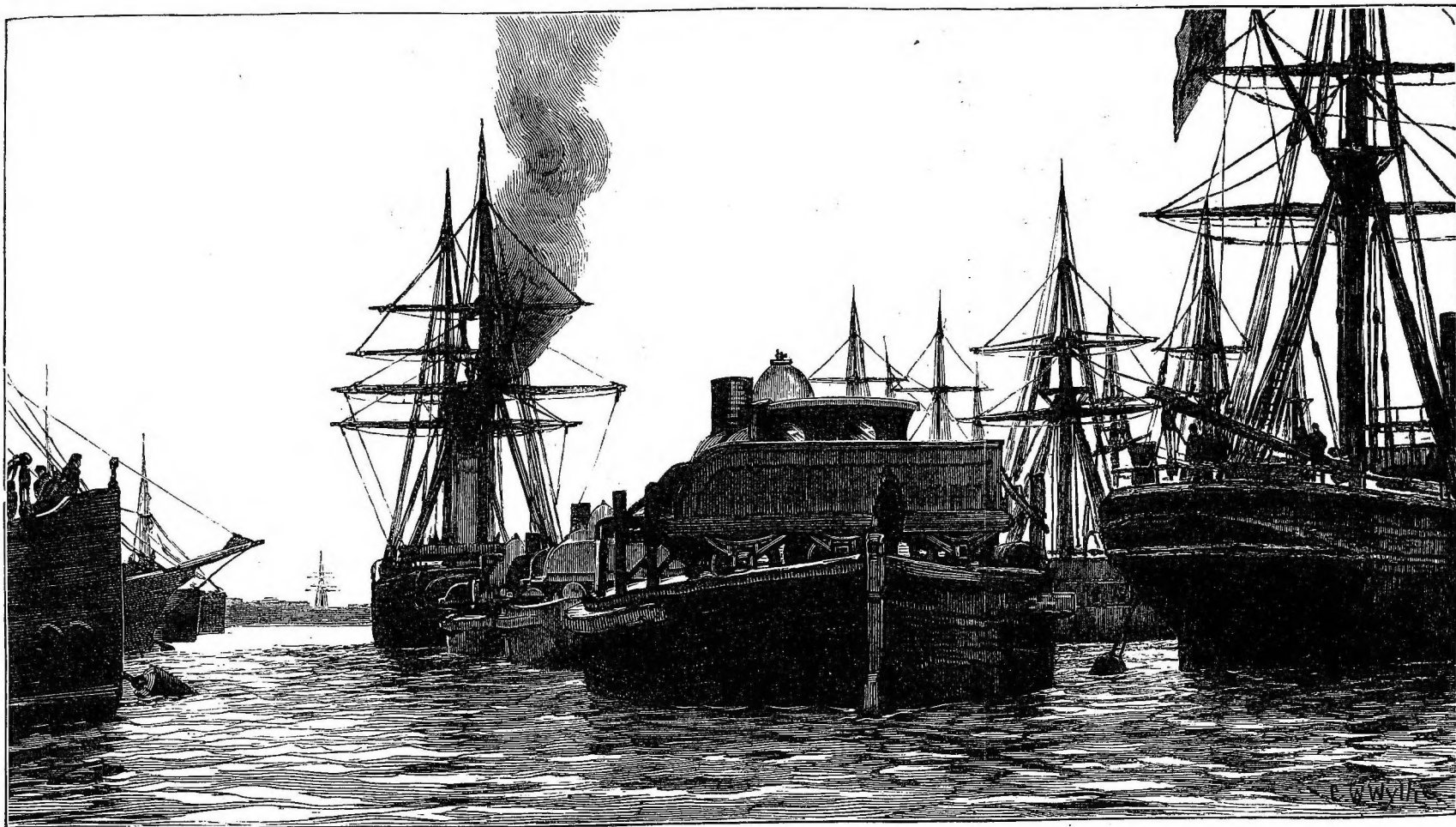
MRS. HARRIET CAMPBELL, A HEROINE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY
Died July 30



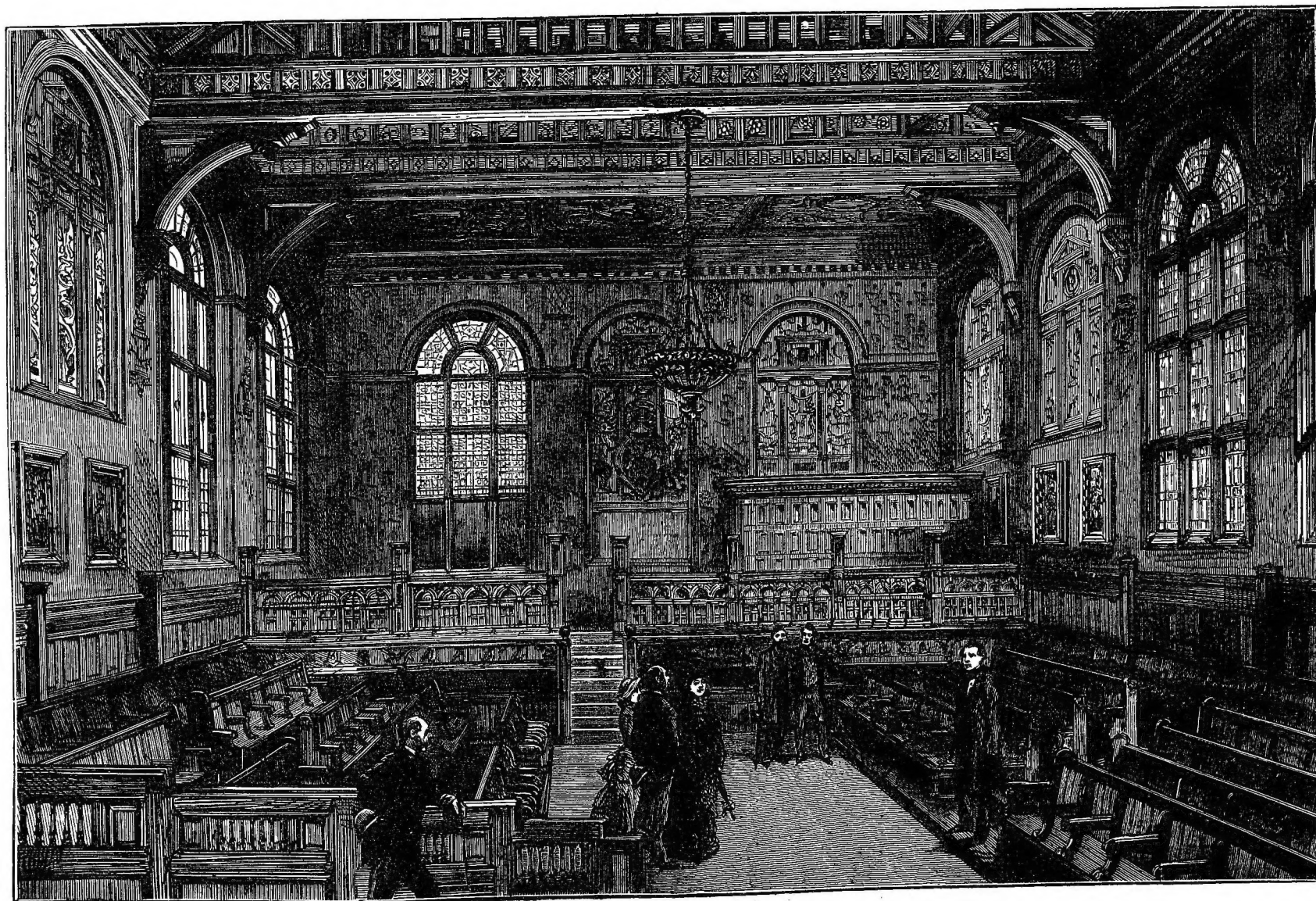
THE WAR IN EGYPT—A BRITISH GENERAL: SIR HAVELOCK ALLAN GOING TO THE FRONT
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HERBERT JOHNSON



THE WAR IN EGYPT—GENERAL GRAHAM'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT KASSASSIN LOCK
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



THE WAR IN EGYPT—ENGINES FROM ALEXANDRIA PASSING UP THE SUEZ CANAL TO ISMAILIA
FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER



THE PRESTON GUILD FESTIVAL—THE COUNTY HALL

rather formally perverse young lady, certainly lacking in the superabundant natural vivacity which the reader associates with Major Whyte-Melville's "Beltebrosa." The play was on the whole poorly performed, though it was received with marked favour by an eminently good-natured audience.

Much Ado About Nothing is likely to be produced at the LYCEUM early in November.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, who has been absent from London for some time, will this evening resume at the PRINCESS'S Theatre his original part in Mr. Sims's romantic drama, *The Romany Rye*.

The HAYMARKET Theatre, which has been redecorated during the vacation, will reopen next month, when the long-promised revival of Mr. Tom Taylor's comedy, *The Overland Route*, will be given. Mr. David James will then join the company.

A version of Ouida's novel, entitled *Chandos*, is to be brought out at a morning performance at the ADELPHI on the 30th inst.

Mr. Albery has written a comedy called *April Flowers*, which will be produced at the NOVELTY Theatre, now in course of erection.

Mr. Edgar Bruce, who has become lessee of the GLOBE Theatre, as already announced, will revive at that house the drama of Russian life entitled *Les Danicheff*.



THE TURF.—The surprises in the Champagne Stakes and St. Leger at Doncaster were followed up by another in the Cup, which produced a field of six, out of which Fortissimo was elected first favourite. Retreat, who made no show in the Great Yorkshire Stakes started at 8 to 1, here ran a very different horse, and won easily enough, though Our John, who ran second, showed himself a very fair animal. Amalfi did the fielders another turn, beating Quicklime, Gerald, and Zeus, though he was the least fancied of the quartette for the Doncaster Stakes. For the Park Hill Stakes for three-year-old fillies Lord Falmouth was represented by Little Sister instead of by the St. Leger winner, Dutch Oven, but Shotover with odds on her, and carrying a 12lb. penalty, won without being extended. Nineteen runners came to the post for the Portland Plate—the "Hunt Cup" of Doncaster. Carlyle, the first favourite, Reputation, Atlanta, and two or three others were made great "pots," of whom Martini proved the best, winning by half-a-length from Reputation, who ran up to his recent form with the top weight of 9st. 12lb. on his back.—There has been lots of racing this week, and the Scotch circuit has commenced at Ayr, but the running has been comparatively uninteresting, as bearing but little upon coming events, the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire to wit. For the former Geheimnis and Fortissimo have been struck out; and the field does not seem likely to be a very strong one either in numbers or quality. Shrewsbury and Chippendale at about 10 to 1 each head the quotations, but Retreat, the Doncaster Cup winner and stable companion of the latter, is much fancied. Of the Duke of Hamilton's lot City Arab seems likely to be the champion, being quoted at 12 to 1. Pursebearer also is in good demand. For the Cambridgeshire Bruce and Tristan are at the head of the poll, while Sachem, Bookmaker, St. Louis, and Nellie find plenty of supporters.

CRICKET.—The almost uninterrupted victories of the Australians since they began their work among us this season have been dimmed since our last "Notes," and their recent defeat of "England" considerably discounted. At Old Trafford, Manchester, a North of England Eleven, composed of professionals with the exception of Mr. Hornby and Mr. Royle, has been too much for them, beating them by ten wickets. The first innings of the Northern Eleven produced 245 runs, to which the Australians only replied with 110, and had to "follow on." On the second hand they made 162, but the Englishmen got the balance required without the loss of a wicket. The bowling of Peate and Crossland was superb, but little relished by our visitors.—At the Oval, on Monday last, the Australians commenced a return match with Shaw's Eleven, which they had recently beaten. On this occasion, however, there was a significant turning of the tables, as on the first day's play Shaw's team scored 129, but the Australians only got 38 for the loss of seven wickets. The rain on Tuesday prevented any play, and on Wednesday the remainder of the Australian wickets ran the first innings' score up to 87. The Englishmen then put together 190 for the loss of six wickets, and so the match must be considered drawn in their favour.

AQUATICS.—The four-oared match over the Thames Championship Course between the Thames Rowing Club and the Hillsdale crew, from America, cannot be regarded as by any means satisfactory. Within a quarter of a mile from the start the American crew bored the Thames till a foul occurred which would fairly have given the latter the victory. However, the crews rowed on, the Americans leading up to Chiswick, when something went wrong with the sliding seat of their bow, which caused them to cease rowing for some seconds, during which the Thames crew passed them. The race was now practically over, and the Americans were never afterwards able to get on terms with their opponents, who won easily by four lengths. Of course it may be held that if the accident had not happened the Americans would have held their lead to the end, but the majority of good and impartial judges are of opinion that the Thames men would have rowed them down with their long steady stroke. The feature of the rowing of the Americans was their very quick stroke, and the little work they did in front of the rowlocks, a style utterly a variance with all ideas of English rowing, at least over a long course. The painfully bad steering of both crews all through the contest strongly suggests a recurrence to the old plan of employing the services of coxswains in four-oared races, and not leaving the steering to one of the oarsmen, and the race almost to chance.

FOOTBALL.—In Scotland and the North of England "Our Winter Game" has already made a very general start, several games in the Scottish Association Cup having been played. For the English Cup there is a very large entry, and the drawing for the first round, which must be concluded before the 5th of November, has taken place.



THE CROPS IN EAST ANGLIA.—A correspondent writes:—"The roots are as fine as may be desired generally, coleworts and mustard are patchy in places, but the rains have helped them, as they have the cabbages, of which latter there are some considerable quantities in cultivation this year. They are said to yield a very much larger amount of feed per acre than any other vegetable. The comfrey is also being largely grown, and is reckoned a most useful and advantageous crop, especially for cow feed. Horses are said to thrive well upon it after acquiring the taste, some refusing it at first. There is literally a 'cut and come again' crop, and like

lucerne it contains a large amount of mucilage. It is very prolific, and in damp situations especially grows very luxuriantly. The leaves are large and succulent, and the plant bears the cutting without injury." The cereal crops in East Anglia are now harvested, the bulk in fair condition. The wheat yield is reckoned at 4 qrs. to the acre, barley 4½ to 5 qrs. per acre, and oats 6 to 7 qrs. per acre. Beans and peas are generally good crops, and potatoes likewise give satisfaction. Clover is a heavy crop.

BEANS are an abundant crop in most parts of England. The stubbles, owing to the exuberant growth of stem which for the most part covered them, and effectually excluded the air from promoting the spread of the weeds, are looking cleaner than for several years, and are yet by no means cleared, as in some instances—and these are not rare—three or even four loads per acre of sheaves have been carried, forming a striking contrast to last autumn, when it took from fifteen to twenty acres to make a good stack such as from some strong fields this year has been built with the produce of five acres.

STACK-DRYING AND EXHAUST FANS.—The experiments recently carried on in Berkshire, near Reading and Twyford, have not given absolutely favourable results. The system of pumping air through damp stacks keeps the temperature down, but is said not to dry the crop as desired. Some stacks experimented upon have still a strong smell about the straw, and are very mouldy in parts. The hay turned out is on the whole of inferior quality, and the barley is not of first rate character.

LIVE STOCK BY WEIGHT.—A new departure in cattle sales has been made by an important Edinburgh firm, who now have cattle tested at a weighing machine, and their live weight announced when they are offered for sale. This is at least an approach to that exactitude which has always been particularly absent from the dealings of the average farmer. Weighing machines of sufficient size and power to weigh live stock would be found very useful on farms as well as at market. They not only enable farmers to test their animals when proposing to sell them, but by putting the beasts on the scales from time to time a reliable evidence is obtained of the progress they are making, and further, the comparative influence of particular kinds or mixtures of food is ascertained in a way that is found to be useful in regulating the diet of the live stock on the farm.

OUR MUTTON SUPPLY.—Mutton has been dear, and keeps dear, and Mr. King Fordham is not the only agriculturist who has expressed regret at the diminished sheep population of England. "Farmers should remember," he says, "that every well-bred lamb that makes its appearance is worth about a sovereign at its birth; hence it follows that a sheep farm of 300 acres, maintaining 300 ewes, which in the hands of an inconsiderate farmer would raise 300 lambs, in those of the more skilful one might produce 500, much to his own profit as producer, while conferring an important benefit on consumers. This increased number in many cases might pay the whole rent of the farm by the judicious use of a few acres of rape." This last sentence is possibly open to literary criticism, but the main suggestion of the writer is not to be overlooked. Mr. Fordham hints at a cleverness surpassing that of Jacob, and farmers in following up the clue should ever remember the words of Cobbett, "a flock of sheep are the soul of a farm."

SIR JOHN LAWES has threshed the wheat from some of his experimental plots. The harvest crop of dressed corn gives 37½ bushels per acre, while the yield of straw on the same plot comes up to 60½ cwt. per acre, a really remarkable quantity. Taking the crops all round the present harvest must be called a bountiful one, no staple being a seriously deficient yield, and several being of over-average bulk and excellence.

CHESHIRE CHEESE.—Mr. Egerton Warburton, M.P., is so thorough-going a *laudator temporis acti*, that he declares not only that the times have changed for the worse, but also the cheese in them. This statement has not been altogether popular in his native county, Cheshire, and two gentlemen, Mr. Charles Griffiths and Mr. Fair, "think Mr. Warburton is labouring under a misapprehension." In their view, the Cheshire cheese of to-day is the best ever made, "only it is of a different character, made to meet an early consumption, and more in accordance with modern taste."

MISCELLANEOUS.—Fruit farming is extending in Kent. In 1875 there were 12,000 acres under fruit; in 1880, 14,645 acres. In 1881 the fruit acreage had increased to 16,673 acres, and the acreage for 1882 is close upon 18,000 acres.—The hop pickers are steadily at work in the West as well as in the South-east of England. The crop is the smallest known for very many years.—An extraordinary combat between a weasel and a heron is recorded in the journals of Dumfriesshire and Annandale. The fight took place in a field near Moffat, and the combatants were so closely engaged that a spectator managed to capture the heron, while his dog killed the weasel.—During the past week several good horse shows have been held, and high prices were generally realised.



A RECENT DICTUM of Lord Justice Brett to the effect that an unlet room is by law in the landlord's occupation, and that, therefore, all the residents in a house any part of which becomes for a time unlet are turned *ipso facto* from householders to lodgers, has caused sad confusion in the Registration Courts. At Plymouth the Revising Barrister thought himself obliged to strike 3,000 Conservative claims off the list. At Chelsea Mr. Williamson refused to be bound by such a dictum, though he ultimately consented to "grant a case" for an appeal. The opinion, if upheld, will chiefly affect the poorer voters, for lodgers do not possess the franchise unless they pay 10s. yearly rental.

THE INDICTMENT found at the Central Criminal Court against the manager of the National Advance Bank and his solicitor for conspiring to obtain 41s. by means of a false judgment from a poor girl, a theatrical supernumerary, has been removed by *certiorari* to the Court of Queen's Bench. "It was not desirable," according to Mr. Justice Day, "that a case involving questions of professional practice should be tried by a common jury."

TWO PITIFUL CASES OF STARVATION have been registered within the bygone week. In one the sufferer was a widow, the relic of a tradesman who had seen better days, and had taken refuge, together with her son, after being turned out of her lodging for non-payment of rent, with a woman who had been formerly in her service. All were so poor that they slept upon the bare boards, and it was with difficulty elicited at the inquest that the deceased "generally" had some bread. In the other it was an aged labourer, who would not go into the "house," and lived upon fragments of dry bread and occasionally a morsel of butter. The cause of death in either case was "syncope for want of proper nourishment."

FOR PLUCKING FEATHERS FROM FOWLS WHILE STILL ALIVE—a practice, according to the prosecuting barrister, often indulged in but seldom detected, since the feathers can be drawn more easily and expeditiously than after the bird is dead—a poulturer's employee in Leadenhall Market was summoned on Monday before Mr.

Alderman Lusk. Something was said about "reflex action" after death, and one poulturer came forward to attest that fowls would sometimes kick five or six minutes after the spinal cord was broken. But this Professor Pritchard emphatically denied, and in the end the Alderman imposed a fine of one shilling and costs, believing that the defendant through inexperience had failed to break the fowl's neck properly.

ANOTHER ENCOUNTER WITH AN ARMED BURGLAR occurred early on Tuesday morning at Streatham. The robber, who gave the name of William Goodwin at the police-station, had forced an entrance into a house of which the owner was away, but was bravely captured by two working-men whom a Dr. Bentley living next door had called to his assistance. In the struggle a fourth man was wounded in the hand by a shot from a revolver which the criminal had found in one of the rooms he had been plundering.—At Lambeth, Jonathan Lowe, a hawker, has been remanded for breaking into a house at Dulwich and stealing therefrom a gold watch and a concertina.—And there has been a burglary in the lodge at Denham Court, Bucks, the seat of Mr. Lambert, late Liberal member for the County.—The groom, Howe, who was wounded at Stamford Hill, though not yet out of danger, is progressing towards recovery.

IN EDINBURGH A CLAIMANT TO THE EGLINTON ESTATES has turned up in the person of a Mr. S. Fulton, late of the 8th Hussars, who has petitioned to be served heir to Archibald, eleventh Earl of Eglintoun (ob. 1796), on the ground that he is the great-grandson of James Fulton, next brother of Earl Archibald, whose son was a prisoner of war when his uncle died, and consequently could not claim. The Sheriff decided that he could not go beyond Lady Mary Montgomery, who was served lawful heir in 1797, and from whom the present Lord Eglinton inherits. He consented, however, to pronounce an interlocutor calling on the respondent to lodge written objections to the petition being granted within four months.

THE GOVERNMENT has offered a reward of 100l. for the discovery of the murderers of Mrs. Emma Howell, the wife of an insurance agent, who died at Cambridge last month by strychnine poisoning.

TEL-EL-KEBIR

SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1882

The trumpet's notes were hushed,
The pibroch's war-pipes still,
When Wolseley led his men
To Tel-el-Kebir's hill.

Across the shifting sands
They marched at dead of night,
And when the morn appeared
All rallied for the fight.

Flashed in the morning sun
The long, long line of steel:
Then burst the charge again
That made the rebels reel!

From trench to trench they swept
The foemen by their might,
And o'er the desert plains
Pursued them in their flight.

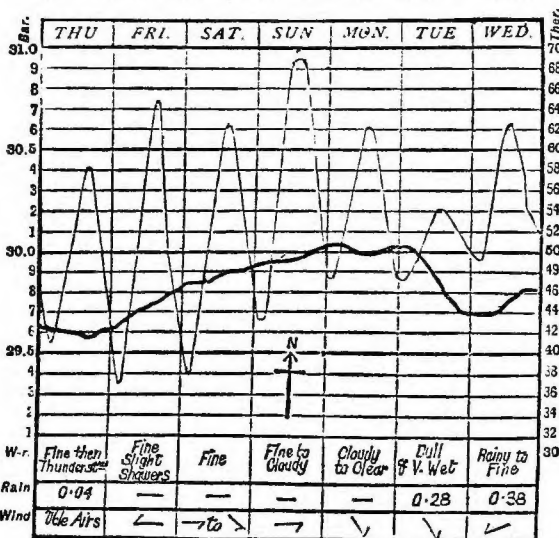
The wavering ranks are thinned,
As on from gun to gun
The rampart-heights are cleared,
And Tel-el-Kebir won!

Loud on the morning air,
The shouts of triumph swell;
'Tis Glory's grand acclaim
When Tel-el-Kebir fell!

W. J. ROWLAND

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM SEPTEMBER 14 TO SEPTEMBER 20 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during this period has varied greatly from time to time, but has been uniformly cold, except on Sunday (17th inst.), and unseasonable. On Thursday (14th inst.) thunderstorms occurred over our southern counties, and on this and the two following days a great deal of fog prevailed over England. Monday (18th inst.) was finer, but Tuesday (19th inst.) brought with it a depression which produced cold north-easterly winds and rain all over England, which continued in many places over the greater part of Wednesday (20th inst.). The barometer was highest (30.03 inches) on Monday (18th inst.); lowest (29.60 inches) on Thursday (14th inst.); range, 0.43 inches. Temperature was highest (69°) on Sunday (17th inst.); lowest (37°) on Friday (15th inst.); range, 32°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.70 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.38 inches, on Wednesday (20th inst.).

TEL-EL-KEBIR.

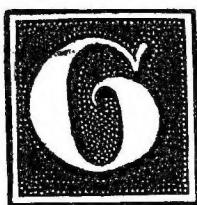
NEXT WEEK

THE GRAPHIC will contain NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS OF INCIDENTS in connection with the

BRITISH VICTORY IN EGYPT,

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

In consequence of the time needed for their transit by the Mail, it has been impossible to publish them at an earlier date.



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HEALTHFUL SKIN.

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TO persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, **PEARS' transparent SOAP** is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, *Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.* Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

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for the Hands and Complexion.



Adelina Patti

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(The 2/6 Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses.)

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